

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury

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Established June, 1855, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with long than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly, containing news, editorial, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters

### MILITARY ACTIVITY HERE

Newport promises to be a place of considerable naval activity during the next few weeks. It is announced that the battleship Florida, which had originally been ordered to lay up at the Charlestown navy yard, will remain here for some weeks, and that means that her large crew will be ashore here at frequent intervals. The smaller vessels will also remain here for some time.

A more important announcement, however, is that the dirigible airship Shenandoah will come here to participate in the maneuvers with the large fleet of flying boats already here. A vessel, equipped with a strong mooring mast for the Shenandoah, is already here awaiting the arrival of the great airship. The people of Newport will therefore have an opportunity to see the Shenandoah at close range and watch her as she leaves her mooring and returns. The Shenandoah passed over Newport last November, but at so great a height that it was difficult for those on the ground to form any conception of her size. Her presence here for a time should draw a large number of visitors to see her in action.

The Army also will have a busy month of August in this vicinity. Plans are well developed for the Citizens' Training Camp to be held at Fort Adams during the entire month, and Colonel Winship, who is in charge of the First Corps Area of Citizens' Training Camps, announces that a surplus of enrollment has been made. This means that the full quota assigned to Newport will be filled. It should be an interesting time at the Fort, and undoubtedly will draw many visitors to the Fort. There will be a number of features of interest to Newporters.

### REPUBLICAN MEETING

The opening guns in the political campaign for 1924 were fired in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, when an open meeting for men and women was held under the auspices of the Newport County Women's Republican Club. The hall was well filled, and Mrs. James G. Wentz, chairman of the Campaign committee, presided. Stirring addresses were delivered by Chairman William C. Pelkey of the Republican State Central Committee, and Mr. Ira Lloyd Letts of the Republican Speakers Bureau. Both devoted themselves principally to the disgraceful conditions in the Rhode Island senate, where the Republican majority has been driven out of the state by the illegal tactics of the Lieutenant Governor and the Democratic minority. The situation leading up to the gas attack of some weeks ago was carefully explained by the speaker, so that all present had an opportunity to learn the facts as they are.

The Women's Republican Club proposes to hold weekly public meetings during the summer, at which various phases of the political situation will be explained by competent speakers.

Rev. William Safford Jones will occupy the pulpit of the Channing Memorial Church on Sunday, August 3rd.

### WIRES DISCUSSED

At a special meeting of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, representatives of the Newport Electric Corporation, the Newport and Providence Railway, and the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company appeared before the board in relation to the removing of overhead wires on Broadway. Mr. Sheffield of the Electric Corporation told the board that it was easy for them to pass regulations in five minutes that required the Companies to spend thousands of dollars without considering where the money was to come from. Both the Electric Corporation and the Providence Railway have spent large sums in re-laying their tracks and preparing foundations at the behest of the board, although they did not believe that they were legally bound to do so. The Electric Corporation is now working on the underground construction as fast as possible, and when this is completed the overhead wires will come down. However, the representative council has never given authority for this underground work, and Mr. Sheffield thought it time that it should do so.

The Telephone Company has a large gang of cable splicers at work, and is making every effort to expedite the removal of their wires, but there is several months' work ahead yet. The storm of last March had put the Company very far back, and it is a hard task to catch up. They are proceeding as rapidly as possible. The board of aldermen also wanted to know about the railway connections at Franklin street. Mr. Sheffield said that the heaviest travel is from Broadway to the Beach, rather than to Harrison avenue. To put on extra cars running directly from Broadway to Harrison avenue would involve a large expense that the Company could not afford. The stopping of the Harrison avenue car before it reaches Franklin street is done to avoid the congestion on that street, but if the board of aldermen would take the responsibility of ordering it back, the Company would be glad to comply. This the board would not do, but the matter will be looked into further.

The matter of repairs to sidewalks in the Broadway section, necessitated by change in grade and other causes, was discussed. The pavement contractors offered a favorable price for doing the work, but the matter was put over until Thursday evening in order that specifications might be prepared for bids.

On Goat Island, now occupied by the Torpedo Station, a stone marks the last resting place of Samuel Carr and his daughter, who died on the same day, of small pox. His son, Caleb Carr, was commandant of Fort George in 1765. On the stone is chiseled a poem written by Mary Greene. On Saturday a number of descendants of Samuel Carr, Caleb Carr and Mary Greene will visit the Island by invitation of Captain Earle, to view the spot where their ancestor lies. The party will take the 9.20 boat from Newport Saturday morning, and any descendant of any of these persons is invited to join in the visit to the grave.

Mute evidence of reckless auto driving was discovered on the East Main Road near Oliphant Lane early Thursday morning, when a badly damaged touring car was discovered in the ditch beside the road. A solid wooden electric pole was broken off where the car had struck it after leaping the ditch. The wreck was taken away by men from the Casino Garage, and much secrecy was maintained, but it was learned that two Newport men were in the car and that both escaped injury. The car was registered in the name of a Providence man, but it is understood that it had been operated by a Newport taxi man.

An attempted larceny of furniture was reported in this city a few days ago. A truck backed up to a house from which the family was absent and started to take away the furniture, when the caretaker started an investigation. While he was checking up on the story told by the men, they made their escape.

### JOHN THOMPSON SPENCER

Mr. John Thompson Spencer, one of the older summer residents of Newport, and widely known in the community, died at his summer home, Althorpe, on Wednesday afternoon. He had not been in good health when he came to Newport, and was for a time confined to his bed here, but had apparently shown considerable improvement. His death came suddenly, due to heart trouble. He was seventy-seven years of age.

Mr. Spencer owned an attractive residence on Ruggles avenue, which he occupied with his family for many years. He was devoted to Newport and took a great interest in its development. He was one of the founders of the Newport Improvement Association, which accomplished a great deal in bringing the summer residents and the citizens of Newport into better understanding. He was President of the Newport Reading Room, a stockholder and former Governor of the Newport Casino, a director of the Spouting Rock Beach Association, in all of which he took a deep interest. He was a member of the leading clubs of Philadelphia.

Mr. Spencer was for many years engaged in the practice of law in Philadelphia, and attained a high standing in his profession, retiring a number of years ago. He was well known in his home city, and was held in the highest esteem there as well as in Newport.

He is survived by a widow and two sons, Messrs. Arthur Spencer and William Spencer. The latter is counsellor of the American Embassy at Buenos Ayres, but had come to Newport to spend the summer with his parents.

### EXCITEMENT CAUSES DEATH

Michael P. Egan, a leading man at the Torpedo Station, died suddenly of heart disease while attending a boxing match at Freebody Park on Thursday evening. Spencer Gardner, a Newport boy and a friend of Egan, was administering a severe beating to his opponent, Abe Friedman of Boston, and Egan became much excited at the progress of the bout. He was cheering for the Newport boy, when he suddenly collapsed in his seat. Those in the vicinity thought he had fainted and carried him out of the arena. City Physician Keenan and Medical Examiner Stewart, who were in the gathering, attended him, but pronounced life extinct. He had died instantly from heart trouble brought on by over-excitement.

Mr. Egan was well known in Newport, having been employed as a machinist at the Torpedo Station for a number of years. He is a widower, and leaves several sons and daughters. One son was in the Park and was quickly apprised of his father's death, accompanying the body to their home.

Mr. William H. Chase, who died in Boston last Saturday at the age of 70 years, was a native of Newport, being a son of the late William H. and Mary Rodman Chase. He had been a resident of Boston for the greater part of his life, having been connected with the firm of A. J. Bartlett & Co., for about 50 years. He was unmarried and is survived by one brother, Mr. George H. Chase of this city.

Dr. Norman D. Cole, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cole, of this city, will sail for Europe next Saturday to spend two months abroad, having been selected as physician to the American Boy Scouts who will attend the International Conference at Copenhagen.

Plans are being perfected for a large garden party to be held on the grounds of the Newport Historical Society on Tuesday, July 29, from 4.00 to 7.00 o'clock. A large committee has charge of the affair and some interesting novelties are promised.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul has accepted a call to the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Salem, N. J., having resigned from his pastorate at Somerville, N. J.

### BROADWAY FINISHED

The Broadway pavement is completed at last, although it will not be wholly opened for travel for about two weeks. It is a splendid road, and the broad concrete pavement seems to give added width to the street, due largely to the fact that the car tracks are now flush with the surface of the pavement and offer no obstruction to vehicles. The one question that is now interesting the people who have occasion to use the street—and that in practically every body in Newport as well as thousands of visitors—is whether or not the pavement will stand the winter frosts. The surface is all right, but those who know the character of the absorbent clay underneath are sceptical as to the lasting power of any form of pavement laid on such a base. Between the rails of the two car lines is a good foundation, suitably drained, but the sheet concrete on either side is laid directly on the mud. The pavement is seven inches thick and is re-inforced with special iron bars, which some engineers believe will prove sufficiently substantial to withstand the effect of frosts. But time alone will tell.

The wood block pavement from Lake's Corner south is in very bad condition and rapidly growing worse. The foundation is probably all right, but the blocks have been forced out of shape, and the pavement will soon be ruined unless repairs are made at once. If the blocks are taken up and repacked on the sand cushion, a good pavement will result, but this will be an expensive process. There has been more or less trouble with this section of road ever since it was built, as the water from the side hills has washed the sand away from under the blocks.

Broadway is now open to traffic the full width of the street as far north as Summer street, thus giving a crossing at Bliss road. The west rails will be in use in a few days.

### SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

The annual meeting of the Newport Branch of the Seamen's Church Institute was held on Monday afternoon, when the various annual reports showed a very successful year. A novel method of assisting in the financing of the institution was tried during the year, by requesting a number of local organizations to meet one day's expense as a memorial to one of its members. Response to this suggestion was made by the Lion Club, St. John's and St. Paul's Lodges of Masons, Newport Royal Arch Chapter, American Legion, Newport Lodge of Elks, Rhode Island Lodge of Odd Fellows, St. George's Men's Club, and Westcott Shashitt Tribe of Red Men. The Institute has done an excellent work under the superintendence of Rev. Roy W. Magoon, who is unquestionably the right man in the right place.

The following officers were selected:

Honorary Presidents—Right Rev. James DeWolf Perry, Jr., D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island, Rear Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. N., Rear Admiral Livingston Hunt, U. S. N., Rear Admiral William Woodward Phelps, U. S. N.

President—Judge Hugh Barkly Baker.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, Col. George L. Hamilton.

Treasurer—Hamilton Fish Webster.

Secretary—William H. Lawton.

Board of Managers—Judge Hugh Barkly Baker, Col. James T. Buttick, U. S. M. C., John Nicholas Brown, G. Maurice Congdon, W. H. Clarke, Rev. J. H. Deming, Commander Paul Dessez, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Marion Eppley, Captain Ralph E. Earle, U. S. N., Rev. Julian D. Hamlin, Col. George L. Hamilton, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, Captain O. P. Jackson, U. S. N., Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs, Mrs. Wortham James, Leroy King, Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton, William H. Lawton, Samuel W. Marsh, Captain C. E. Riggs, U. S. N., William P. Sheffield, William H. Vanderbilt, Miss Varnum, William Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Mrs. C. S. Williams, Miss Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster.

The board of aldermen have drawn a long list of names of citizens of Newport to serve as grand and petit jurors during the ensuing year as required by the Court.

### BAND CONCERTS

The Park Commission should take prompt action at its next meeting to provide for the summer band concerts authorized by the representative council. Although the month of July has nearly passed without a concert, there is no reason why the season should not be extended into September, which is one of the most delightful months in Newport. A large number of persons are desirous of attending these concerts and as long as the money is available there is no reason why they should not be given.

Neither is there any question as to who should receive the contract for this work. Newport has but one concert band—the Municipal band, which does excellent work and has struggled for years to remain intact. Without this city appropriation for concert work, the Band cannot survive and a local institution which has continued for many years will become a thing of the past.

The Saturday Evening Post of a few weeks ago contained a very interesting article on the life of amateur bands in small communities, showing how they struggled for existence a quarter century ago. The article goes on to show how many small communities now make municipal appropriations for summer concerts which are really intended as subsidies to keep these bands alive. This is as it should be in Newport. If the city is to spend \$1000 annually for band concerts this amount should go to support a local institution which cannot survive without it.

### NEW CITY DIRECTORY

The Newport City Directory for 1924 has made its appearance, and as usual is complete and accurate. A large force of experienced canvassers from the office of Sampson Murdoch & Co. spent several weeks here in securing the data for the Directory and every department was thoroughly revised.

The new Directory contains 14,165 names, with 3,347 changes of address, occupation, etc. There were 2,188 names erased and 1,680 names added, making a total of 7,215 changes in the General Directory.

The street directory is continued this year, as this has been found a valuable section. In spite of the disparity and irregularity of street numbers in Newport, this section is now as accurate as possible, and will be found very convenient for various purposes.

Newport was treated to a lively thunder storm early Thursday morning, and another passed over the city in the afternoon. Considerable rain fell, and the lightning was quite sharp at times, but no damage was done in this vicinity. Other parts of New England suffered severely, however. In Fitchburg, Mass., there was a near tornado, buildings being unroofed and much damage done. A number of persons were killed by lightning in various parts of New England. Again Newport has demonstrated its desirability as a place of residence.

The first important robbery of the summer season was reported to the local police late last week, the victim being Mrs. Mauden J. Perry. Jewels valued at \$20,000 were taken from Bleak House, and no trace of them has as yet been found. The robbery was evidently the work of some one familiar with the premises, or else an expert thief had made a careful study of the situation before attempting to enter the house.

The July edition of "Telephone Topics" contains a full page picture of the chief operators of the Rhode Island suburban district. Included in the thirteen portraits are those of Miss Jennie N. Carr of Newport; Miss Sarah J. Clarke, Jamestown; and Miss Gladys S. Steadman, Block Island.

The annual picnic of St. Paul's Methodist Church was held near Seacomet Point on Thursday, and although the rain interfered with the program, a delightful day was spent.

### PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

#### Town Council

The July meeting of the town council and probate court was held on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

In the town council, it was voted that the council appeal to Governor Flynn to use his authority that the senators may return to this state and perform the duties of their office in safety.

The petition of Eben P. Clapp for permission to remove the bodies from an ancient and neglected burial lot, situated on the Burrington Anthony farm, to the Portsmouth cemetery, was granted, the work to be done under the direction of Samuel H. Dyer, superintendent, and George R. Hicks, president, of the Cemetery Corporation.

Charles Gifford was appointed Special Constable for Glen Farm.

Statements of damages done by dogs to goings belonging to Isaac L. Fish, Jr., amounting to \$9.20; to geese belonging to Charles L. Sherman amounting to \$77.10; to ducks belonging to Joseph Toppa amounting to \$34.50, and to sheep belonging to Walter Watson amounting to \$7.80 were ordered paid according to law.

A number of bills were received, allowed and ordered paid.

In the probate court, the petition of Harriet A. Brown, to be appointed guardian of Amy Josephine Brown, was withdrawn.

The petition of Almira E. Tallman and others that George R. Hicks be appointed administrator of the estate of Amy Josephine Brown, was referred to August 11.

The petition of Edward L. Simmons that the foreign will of William A. Simmons, late of Taunton, Mass., be filed and recorded in the registry of the Court was allowed.

On the estate of Henrietta C. Watson, William A. Watson having declined to serve as executor, the Clerk was instructed to issue letters testamentary to John L. Alverin D. and Henrietta E. Watson.

The petition of William S. Todd and George R. Hicks, executors of the will of John T. Gardner, that the sum of \$53.21 be deposited in the registry of this Court, was allowed.

The petition of Edward V. McKeown, counsel, that the foreign will of John Burns, late of England, be filed and recorded, was referred to August 11.

Miss Emily Sellow of Providence has been guest of Misses Frances and Grace Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Barker, Jr., are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son, born at the Newport Hospital.

Mrs. William B. Clarke, who has been ill, is able to be out on the piazza each day.

Miss Ethel M. Glendon, who is the superintendent of the Deaconess Home in Providence, spoke in behalf of the Home, at the morning service of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday.

The annual lawn party of St. Paul's Church was held on Wednesday on the lawn of the church. The affair was under the auspices of the Ladies' Society of St. Paul's Church. A supper was served from 5 to 8 o'clock. Connors' orchestra of Fall River furnished music during the afternoon and evening. The booths were beautifully decorated and were well patronized.

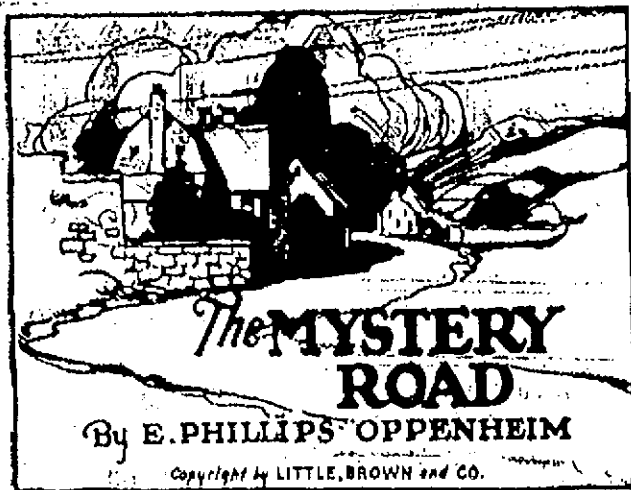
The auction sale of household goods and farm tools was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Chester Hedley on Anthony Road on Tuesday. Mr. William A. S. Cummings acted as auctioneer. Lunch was served by the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman, who has been spending a few days with her son, Senator Arthur A. Sherman, at Rutland, Mass., has returned to her home.

News has been received of the birth of a daughter, Ellen, to Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Harriman in Philadelphia on July 8.

A row between members of the crews of two vessels tied up at the wharf of the Newport Coal Company on Monday afternoon resulted in a broken leg for Roy W. Benson, assistant engineer on a tug. The police learned that the injury was caused by a boathook in the hands of a member of the crew of another steamer, and several men were brought before Benson, but he could not identify any of them as his assailant. Benson was taken to the Newport Hospital for treatment.

The clock in the old State House is again illuminated at night, electric light bulbs having been installed by the Keeper of City Clocks.



## Synopsis

BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I—Fleeing from a brutal stepfather, an unhappy home, and a crowded husband, she starts, Myrtle, young French girl, stands in a country road on the verge of desperation.

CHAPTER II—Halted by an exploded mine, two young Englishmen, Lord Gerald Dombey and Christopher Bent, are attracted by the girl's distracted appearance. She begs them to take her away from her misery. In a spirit of adventure they do so, conveying her to Monte Carlo, and leaving her with friends. Myrtle speaks English, her mother having been an educated woman.

CHAPTER III—Gerald sees a beautiful young woman in the gambling rooms, and is fascinated, but can only learn that she is called Pauline de Ponsere and is with her aunt. He is unable to secure an introduction. Christopher and Gerald decide Myrtle shall not go back to her home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sister, secretly in love with Christopher, disapproves of the young man's guardianship of Myrtle.

CHAPTER IV—Gerald and Christopher arrange for a mutual guardianship of Myrtle.

## Chapter V

The two women sat on the terrace of their wistaria-covered villa—Madame de Ponsere hunched up in her chair, smoking a cigarette through a long tube; Pauline, her reputed niece, her coffee and cigarette alike neglected, gazing fixedly seaward. Their immediate environment suggested at once a taste for luxury and the means to gratify it. The linen and silver on the little table at which they had just lunched was of the finest possible quality—the former lace-bordered and adorned with a coronet. A bowl of pink roses occupied the center of the table. The coffee had been served in little cups of the finest Sevres china. In the background, a single servant was standing, dressed in plain black tunic, a man gray-haired and with lined face, but tall and of powerful build. He possessed to the full the immobility of feature of the trained English servant, but there was something entirely foreign in his sparkling attitude and expression. He had the air of one who neither saw nor heard save at his mistress's orders. "I am weary of everything here except the sun," Pauline declared deliberately.

The woman opposite knocked the ash from her cigarette. Her face was aged and withered, but her black eyes were still full of life and fire. Her long, thin hand, on which flashed several strangely set rings, was suddenly extended toward the waiting servant. Without a word he bowed and disappeared.

"One must wait," Madame de Ponsere declared.

"For what?" the girl asked lazily. The older woman's eyes glittered for a moment.

"For what will surely come," she declared. "The portents are all there. The writing is no longer upon the wall—it blazes to the sky."

"And meanwhile," Pauline murmured, "the sun shines, my heart beats in tune to it, and I feel all the time the weariness of the days."

"It is the insurgence of youth," the older woman conceded indulgently. "I suppose the greatest must feel it some day."

She thrust another cigarette into her tube and lit it, inhaling with the long, regular breaths of the confirmed smoker. Her delicately shaped but talon-like fingers were stained with nicotine. "Zubin arrives this week," she announced.

Pauline yawned.

"More mysteries," she murmured, "more false hopes, more exaggerated stories. Nothing good will come of Zubin's visit but the money he brings, unless by any chance he has news of Stepan. Meanwhile, dear madame, I bore myself. I rather wish that I had been born an American."

The woman showed no sign of anger, yet somehow or other she seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of contempt. "It is perhaps a pity," she admitted, "that you are descended from one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known. It is perhaps a pity."

"Give me something to rule over," the girl declared, "and I will be repentant—the souls and liberties of a few million people, or the hearts of a few men. I am twenty-three years old and the sun is warm. And then there is the music, our one resource when there is no money to gamble with. What is the use of music, madame, to one who lives behind the bars? It simply makes one pall at their little barrier. I am as badly off as Stepan himself, who loves me from behind the fortress walls. Sometimes I wish that I were there with him."

Madame de Ponsere reached for an ivory-topped stick and rose to her feet. Almost as though by magic, from somewhere within the dim, cool recesses of the room beyond, the gray-haired manservant was by her side. She leaned upon his arm.

"We drive at four o'clock, Pauline," she said. "Afterwards, we will watch the play at the Sporting club."

Pauline shrugged her shoulders. It was the same yesterday afternoon, and every day behind. It would probably be the same tomorrow. She looked intently across the narrow gorge toward that other villa. A two-seated car had turned in from the road and was crawling up the winding avenue. She stretched out her hand for the field glasses which lay on the table by her side. The figure of the young man at the wheel was familiar to her.

Pauline rose to her feet. "Almost as mysteriously as the manservant had appeared a few moments before, a black-robed maid hastened toward her. Pauline shook her head.

"This afternoon I do not wish to rest," she decided. "I shall walk in the gardens."

Pauline descended the stone steps, crossed the drive, and plunged into a narrow footpath which wound its way through a plantation of stunted but sweet-smelling pine trees, downward toward the sea. The path was not an easy one, and Pauline's shoes were scarcely designed for such an adventure. Nevertheless, she persevered. At last she gained her end. She stood upon the little strip of sand, bespangled with rocks, which bordered the sea. Only a few yards away the shimmering blue water rocked toward the land in little wavelets. She turned and looked back. The villa from which she had come seemed like a doll's house shining out of its sheltering clump of cypresses. More directly above her now was the far more extensive residence of Lord Hintersley. She looked toward it searchingly. There were several people upon the broad veranda, amongst them the slim figure of a young man at its farther edge, gazing intently in her direction. She smiled a little as she picked her steps across the yellow sand to the edge of the sea and clambered on to a rock. A queer fit of heedlessness was upon her. She stood upon the top of the slippery rock, finding a strange pleasure in the salt-laden air and the wind which brought a thousand ripples of light to the trembling blue sea, which blew her skirts about, and even brought disarrangement to her smoothly bound hair. This tempering of the sunshine brought a new joy to its warmth. She stood there basking in a purely sensuous pleasure, forgetful for a moment of the depression of the morning. The sound of tumbling stones in the little gorge behind scarcely disturbed her. It was not until she heard footsteps upon the strip of beach that she turned her head. Coming toward her, already only a few yards away, was a young man of personable appearance and unwontedly determined expression. For once in his life Gerald had made up his mind.

Although he was in reality brimful of confidence in all his relations with the other sex, Gerald had sometimes a not altogether unattractive appearance of shyness. He stood bareheaded for a moment, looking up at Pauline. "I am sorry if I startled you," he said. "I was looking for my sister. I know this is a favorite place of hers, and when I saw you standing there I rather jumped to the conclusion that you must be she."

"Really?" Pauline replied. "Are we so much alike, then?"

"Not in the least," he declared frankly.

"That seems to make your explanation a little insufficient, does it not?" Pauline remarked.

Gerald settled down to business.

"I know that I ought to have turned back," he said, "but, after all, wasn't it much more natural of me to come on? I have been trying, ever since I first saw you, to get someone to introduce me—we are, after all, as I have just discovered, to my great delight, neighbors—and this is the Riviera, not Berkeley square. May I tell you that my name is Gerald Dombey, that my father and sister have the villa up there, and that, from the moment I saw you, I have been anxious to make your acquaintance?"

She looked at him in silence for a moment, half critically, half thoughtfully. There was nothing absolutely discouraging in her attitude, and yet Gerald somehow conceived the idea that this might not, after all, be so easy an affair as he had hoped.

"Are you used to enlarging your acquaintance in this manner?" she asked.

"I very seldom feel the desire to do so," he assured her. "Don't be annoyed, please. I am really quite a respectable person. I will call upon your aunt, if she will give me permission."

For the first time Pauline smiled. It was rather a cold smile, but the fact that it was a smile at all was encouraging.

"I fancy that you had better dismiss that suggestion from your mind altogether," she said.

"My aunt does not receive me as a caller."

"Why not?" Gerald inquired, a little perturbed.

"Because you are a young man," Pauline replied. "There are two things which my aunt dreads more than anything else in life—a bad throat for herself, and young men for me."

"I don't see how she can hope to keep young men away from you altogether," Gerald declared. "You don't mind my saying, do you, that you are the sort of girl whom young men would want to know?"

Her smile returned. She even laughed slightly, showing some very wonderful teeth.

"Really, you are a most singular person," she observed. "Do all young Englishmen talk to casual acquaintances in this unrestrained fashion?"

Gerald was puzzled. Pauline was not altogether falling into line with the conclusions he had arrived at concerning her.

"I don't know that I am very different from the others," he said. "Tell me, what is your nationality?"

"Why should I tell you anything about myself?" she asked, a little coldly.

"It appeared to me that it might—"

"Have I acknowledged the acquaintance?"

"Well, you are talking to me, anyhow," he pointed out, with a slight twinkle in his eyes.

"I scarcely see how I could help it," she replied. "If you are really curious about my nationality, I will tell you that I have some French blood in my veins. France, however, is not my native country."

"And you live—where?"

"Nowhere," she answered a little sadly. "At present we are wanderers—what you call in England 'adventurers.'"

Gerald raised his eyebrows.

"That is scarcely the word," he murmured.

"My aunt has a curious objection to meeting people upon our travels," Pauline continued. "I myself find her aloofness sometimes a little tedious. That is why I am misbehaving to the extent of letting you talk to me. As a matter of propriety, you certainly ought to leave me at once. As a matter of fact, I was about to propose something else."

"Let me hear it, at any rate," he insisted.

"I watched you drive up to your father's villa in your car. Will you take me a little way in it?"

"Rather," he assented eagerly.

"Where shall I pick you up?"

"Outside the villa gates," she replied. "My aunt is absolutely certain to sleep for two hours. It is the only liberty I have during the day. Please go at once and fetch the car."

She dismissed him with an imperative wave of the hand. As soon as he was out of sight she jumped down from the rock, crossed the little strip of sand, and commenced her leisurely ascent to the villa. Once or twice she laughed softly to herself.

It was an excursion which Gerald pondered on many times afterward. Pauline had settled down in the low bucket seat by his side and leaned back with an air of absolute content. She had, in fact, the appearance of one enjoying a rare pleasure. As soon as Gerald slackened speed, however, with the idea of entering into conversation, she became curt and almost rude, and his proposition that they might take the higher road and have tea at Nice she promptly negatived. When, after an absence of about an hour and a half, they drew up at the gates of the villa, she left him with the merest nod of farewell.

"You will come for another ride soon—perhaps tomorrow?" he asked anxiously.

She shook her head.

"I can make no plans," she replied. "I should think it very improbable. I thank you so much for your kindness. Your car is quite wonderful."

She walked away with the air of one who has conferred a great favor. Gerald drove slowly back to the Villa d'Acacia and joined his sister on the terrace.

"Do you know anything about the two women at the next villa Mary?" he asked.

"One never knows one's neighbors here," she answered. "I saw them driving, the other day—a strange-looking old lady and a very good-looking girl. Isn't there something queer about them, or is it my fancy?"

"There is something unusual," Gerald replied. "They seem curiously indisposed to forming acquaintances, which is odd in a place like this. I happened to be talking to the younger woman for a few minutes. She gave me the impression, somehow, that they were people of greater consequence than their manner of living here would indicate."

"I expect I am uncharitable," Mary observed. "An elderly lady with no friends, who takes a rather beautiful young woman about with her to public places, does certainly invite comment, doesn't she? Tell me about your little protégée?"

"We lunched with her, Chris and I," Gerald replied.

"Goodness gracious! Where?"

"At Ciro's. We bought her some clothes at Lenore's, this morning."

Lady Mary lit a cigarette and threw down her book.

"I am not the guardian of your morals, Gerald," she observed dryly; "a girl, nowadays, has all she can do to look after her own—but I honestly think you ought to send that child back to her people."

"Too brutal," he replied. "They wanted to marry her to some horrible old man."

"Whatever the position was, your interference was most uncalled for," his sister declared. "As for Chris-



"We Lunched With Her, Chris and I," Gerald Replied.

topher, I am really surprised at him. I think you two young men ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves for what you are doing, and I shall just look forward to an opportunity of telling Christopher so."

Gerald glanced at his sister's profile and chuckled.

"Good old Chris!" he murmured. "I'll just let him know what's coming to him!"

## Chapter VI

Myrtle was suddenly tired. She seated herself upon the trunk of a tree and Christopher followed her example. Below them stretched the mighty panorama of Monte Carlo, the wide bay and the glittering sea.

"Do you know," she said, "that I have not seen Monsieur Gerald for three days?"

"He has been busy," Christopher answered shortly. "He plays golf and tennis every day. Then his father and sister take up a good deal of his time."

"You always find time to come and see me every morning," she said. "Besides—it was not his sister with whom I saw him motoring yesterday."

Christopher braced himself for an effort.

"Myrtle," he began, "you know that I am fond of you."

"You have been very kind," she answered listlessly.

"Because I want to be kind, I am going to say things that may sound harsh," he went on. "You are a very foolish girl to waste your time thinking and dreaming of Gerald. You should only let your thoughts dwell upon one man continually when there is some chance in the end that that man may become your husband."

Her listlessness passed. She settled down to the subject seriously.

"But, Monsieur Christopher—"

Christopher leaned over and laid his hand upon hers.

"Myrtle dear, will you listen to me?" he begged. "Let me tell you a moment. I am twenty-six years old. I have lived in cities as well as the country. In London I am what you call an aviator. I have to use my brains every day. I have to understand my fellow creatures. Will you get that into your head?"

"It is not difficult," she assured him, with a little smile. "I think you are very clever, and you know many, many things."

"And as for you, Myrtle," Christopher went on, "when one thinks of your upbringing, it is amazing to realize how much you have read; how much you know. But listen to me. Nothing that one reads can teach one what life is like. You spent many hours wondering what was at the end of the road. You think now, because you have passed over the hill, that you are there. My dear, you are not even at the beginning of the way."

She plucked some grasses and twined them round her fingers.

"Go on," she whispered.

"What you see here is not life. It is not even a very wonderful reflection of it. Mostly it is a little company of pleasure seekers, come to cast aside for a time the serious side of life and gamble with their pleasures as they do with their money."

"But some must be in earnest," Myrtle protested.

"One of them who is not in earnest is Gerald, and I tell you so, although Gerald is my friend," Christopher said. "He is here to amuse himself, and he would prefer to amuse himself without giving anyone else pain. If that is impossible, however, he is sufficiently reckless not to count the cost where the other person is concerned."

She drew a little away.

"That does not sound like the speech of a friend," she reminded him reproachfully.

"But I can assure that I am his friend, although a candid one," Christopher declared. "All that I have said to you, I have said to him, and a great deal more. You will let me finish?"

She made no reply. Her eyes were fixed upon the exact spot where the sea seemed to melt into the clouds. The grace of her slim body lent beauty even to the hunch of her shoulders.

"You are like a child who has been let out of a dark room," Christopher went on. "Everything seems beautiful, but you don't see clearly—your eyes aren't strong enough yet. What you imagine to be love is a worse thing. Gerald does not love you. He can never marry you. He belongs to that world at which you are looking

with blurred eyes. Myrtle, don't you want to be good?"

"I want to be happy," Myrtle replied. "I shall always be good."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I am all good humors," she said. "I couldn't do any of the things that wicked people do."

Christopher sat for a moment in puzzled thought.

"Look here," he went on. "If you love Gerald, and Gerald doesn't love you, and you are content with the pretense of his love, and you go on loving him, and you know that you cannot be his wife, then you are not good any longer."

She shook her head.

"There is only once in my life," she said, "that I have ever come near this, and that is when I thought of staying at the farm and marrying Pierre Lechamps. I love Gerald. All that I need to be happy and good is that he should love me."

"But Gerald does not love you and never will," Christopher declared bluntly. "Gerald, at the present moment, at any rate, is incapable of a stable affection, and if he were capable of it, his people would not allow him to marry you."

"I do not wish him to marry me," she declared, with a little choke in her voice.

"Perhaps not," he replied. "In that case you should listen to me more patiently. I want you to leave this place and go to some friends of mine in England."

"What, alone?"

"Alone."

She shook her head.

"Christopher," she said, "suddenly slipping her arm through his, 'I think you want to be kind to me. I believe that you are very good—perhaps you are better than Gerald. But so long as Gerald wants me near, I shall stay. Even if he goes about with other people, he thinks of me. He has told me so, and he has promised to take me to one of his supper parties this week. I am looking forward to it more than to anything else in the world.'"

Christopher's face hardened.

"You will not go to one of those supper parties, Myrtle," he insisted. "I would rather take you back to the farm."

She turned her head and looked at him. There was something in her eyes from which he shrunk—something very much like hate.

She saw the pain in his face and she was suddenly remorseful. She clung to his arm again. Her cheek almost touched his.

"Christopher—dear Christopher," she pleaded. "I did not mean to hurt you. I know how good you are, but just think how wonderful it would be for me to go with Gerald, to meet other girls, to laugh and talk, to sit by his side, his guest, to dance, perhaps, on it would be paradise! Everybody else goes to parties, Christopher."

"I will take you to the opera," he promised.

Her eyes glowed.

"It would be wonderful," she murmured, "but you must not prevent my going to the party."

"Myrtle," he pointed out, "the young women whom you would meet there are not fit for you to know."

"But what harm can they do me?" she persisted. "I know that they are not nice. But what does it matter? Gerald will take care of me."

Christopher rose to his feet. There was a certain hopelessness about his task that he was slowly beginning to realize.

"Come," he said, "it is time we went back."

She took his arm as they scrambled down into the road.

"You are not cross with me, Christopher?" she ventured, a little timidly.

"You look so gloomy—even a little miserable," she went on, clinging to his arm and looking up into his face. "I am a very great trouble to you, I fear. Are you not sorry that you ever brought me away?"

"I am not sorry yet, Myrtle," he answered. "I only hope that I never may be."

Her mood suddenly changed. She laughed gayly.

"Oh, la, la!" she cried. "If you look so grim I shall sing and dance to you, here in the road, as we do at festival time. Gerald says that I must have dancing lessons. He is going to send me to a woman here."

She prouddly lifted on one foot, a miracle of buoyancy and grace. Then she went suddenly rigid, took her place by his side and clutched at his arm. An automobile whizzed past them, on its way up the hill. Gerald was leaning back in the low driving seat, the sun gleaming on his dark, closely brushed hair, his head bent toward his companion; Pauline sat a little aloof, haughty, unbending, her beautiful face cold, unrelieved by any light of sympathy or interest. Her eyes swept carelessly over Christopher and his companion, as they passed. Gerald did not even see them.

"Who is she?" Myrtle whispered.

"No one knows much about her," Christopher replied. "She and her aunt have the next villa to Gerald's father. She calls herself Mademoiselle de Ponsere."

Myrtle laughed quietly. She was already hearing again.

"Mademoiselle is a very stupid girl," she declared. "Gerald was looking at her and she looked only at the road. She does not care. Gerald will find that out."

Gerald came to the tennis courts, an hour or so later, and played several sets almost in silence. He took Christopher on one side, during one of the periods of rest, and dug his arm around his shoulder.

"Chris, old man," he confided, "I want to talk to you."

"And I have a few words I want to

say to you," Christopher rejoined. "We're in this set," Gerald pointed out, rising to his feet. "Let's be alone somewhere, then—Ciro's grill at eight-thirty."

## Chapter VII

Gerald ordered the dinner and the wine. Then he started the conversation with a somewhat abrupt question. "Chris," he asked, "exactly what do you think of Mademoiselle de Ponsere?"

"I don't know her," Christopher replied.

"As a matter of fact, neither do I," Gerald declared, a little bitterly. "She permitted me to introduce myself down on the sands below the villa, and she has been for a ride with me in the car every afternoon since. Yet she does this secretly, and if I meet her with her aunt I am not allowed to speak to her or to expect recognition. I am not permitted to call at the villa. I don't know where they come from, I don't know even her nationality. I flatter myself that for my few but well-spoken years, I have seen something of the world and its amuses, but I honestly cannot place these two women."

"What is Mademoiselle's attitude toward you, when you are alone?" Christopher asked.

"Indulgently reserved," Gerald answered. "I once touched her fingers and I thought she would have struck me. Stimulating though it may be, I am half inclined to believe that it is the morbid longing which attracts her in the slightest degree, and that I represent very little more to her than the man who is driving the car."

Their conversation was momentarily interrupted by the arrival in the place of a newcomer, a stranger to both the young men. He was tall and broad-shouldered, sallow-skinned, with a mass of black hair, good features, but with hard, almost brutal mouth. He immediately had been relieved of his coat, he made his way to the bar, drank two cocktails in rapid succession and lit a cigarette. Then he wandered to the table adjoining the one at which the two young men were seated and, having given his order for dinner, busied himself making calculations upon some scraps of paper which he tore up as soon as they were filled with figures. Gerald spoke to the waiter who served them, with whom he was well acquainted.

"A stranger here, Charles?"

The man glanced over his shoulder and lowered his tone.

"A Russian gentleman, miford," he announced, "staying at the Hotel de Paris—Monsieur Zubin, he calls himself. They say that he has been playing very high."

"Russians who play high are no great novelty here," Gerald remarked, under his breath. "There are not so many of them with money, nowadays, though." Chris, he went on, as the man left them, "you asked yesterday what was the matter with me. I'll tell you. It's this uncertainty about Mademoiselle de Ponsere. It's an absolute torment to me. I'm getting on my nerves."

"Is it the character and reputation of these ladies concerning which you cannot make up your mind, or is it Mademoiselle's lack of reciprocity to your overtures which you find distressing?"

"For G-d's sake, chuck that legal trash!" Gerald begged. "It's both!"

Christopher laughed quietly. There were people who called Gerald the most spoilt young man in London, and his present predicament had its humorous side. Gerald himself made a little grimace.

"It's all very well, Christopher," he said, "but I am a great deal too near being in earnest over this. Pull yourself together and suggest some way of getting hold of the truth."

"If the girl herself won't help you," Christopher replied, "how can anyone else?"

"I suppose you're right," Gerald assented gloomily.

The place had become very crowded, indeed. A small orchestra was playing in the far corner. Several unattached young ladies, who preserved an air of haughty indifference towards the company generally, but seemed to be on remarkably good terms with the head waiter, had brought color into the little assembly. The large man who was reputed to be a Russian had called for pen and ink and, between the courses, was writing a letter. The maître d'hotel, who knew Gerald, stooped and whispered in his ear.

"Monsieur Zubin, the large gentleman you asked me about, miford," he announced, "has just won two million francs over at the casino. Some of these people have followed him over. He must have the money in his pocket."

To Christopher the scene was a novel one, and he leaned forward in his seat. Two young ladies had seated themselves at the next table to the Russian, and the nearest was glancing tentatively at him now and then, without, however, evoking the slightest response. People from all quarters were whispering together and glancing toward him. The object of all these attentions continued to write his letter unmoved. Presently he called for a chasseur, thrust his letter into an envelope and addressed it.



THE MYSTERY ROAD  
Continued from Page 2.

The Boy Made a Prompt Appearance and Stood, Cap in Hand, Waiting for His Order.

continued eagerly. "The letter is to Madame de Pontre, Villa Violette." The dispatch of the letter was the signal for certain almost imperceptible advances on the part of those who had been watching the great man. The young lady at the next table leaned over and congratulated him on his good fortune, an overture which was received a little gruffly and without enthusiasm. A steady-looking stranger, also from his stool, leaned over the table and whispered a few words in the Russian's ear. He was a sandy-haired man, with puffy cheeks and a nervous manner. His clothes had once been well enough, but were now shabby. He had the gambler's restless air. "Sir," he began, "forgive my addressing you."

"What do you want?" was the blunt rejoinder.

"I stood behind your chair in the rooms. I flatter myself that I brought you fortune, as I have brought it to many others. I will do it to you. I have lost as much at the tables as you have won. Will you grant me the loan of a meal?"

"Go to—!" was the brutal reply. "I have nothing to do with caddies."

The man staggered as though he had received a shock. He was used to rebuffs, but not such rebuffs as this. "Monseigneur," he stammered, "perhaps five hundred or even two hundred francs."

"Not a sou, and be off. Do you want me to complain to the manager?"

The young man edged away. Gerald smiled as he saw him cross the door. "Horribly bad character, that," he remarked to Christopher. "I missed him here last season and asked where he was. They told me that he was in prison for snubbing his mistress. I suppose I shall get it in the neck, Chris, but I've got to talk to the old brute. I can't afford to miss an opportunity of speaking to some one who knows Pauline."

"I shouldn't, if I were you," Christopher advised. "You see he isn't in the humor to talk to anybody, and if there really is any mystery about the De Pontres, he won't care about being asked questions about them."

Gerald was for him, however, determined. "The fellow's manner is brutal, but I believe he's a personage. I shall try my luck in a moment or so."

Gerald waited for several minutes, until his neighbor had entered upon another course. Then he leaned toward him.

"You are a Russian?" Gerald ventured.

"It is entirely my business of what nationality I am," was the cold reply. "Naturally," Gerald agreed. "At the same time, we are all human. The man who wins a couple of millions here is a public character. You will probably find old ladies rubbing their five-franc pieces against your coat sleeves, as you enter the rooms."

"So long as they do not attempt to talk to me, I shall be content," was the curt retort.

"You are not exactly looking for acquaintances, I perceive," Gerald remarked.

"I have none here, nor do I desire any."

Gerald smiled. He had reached the point at which he had been aiming. "That," he observed, "is not strictly true. You have just dispatched a note to some ladies of my acquaintance."

Monseigneur Zubin had so far met Gerald's tentative overtures with the cold rudeness of one who recognizes an equal. At his last words, however, a look almost of fury flashed into his face. He struck the table with his fist.

"I ought to have remembered the sort of people by whom I was likely to be surrounded here," he declared. "You, who look as though you ought to know better, eust sneaking glances over my shoulder to read the superscription of a private letter. What a ruffian!"

Gerald bit his lip. He kept his temper perfectly.

"I saw the address, I assure you, entirely by accident," he said. "I happened to be acquainted with one of the

ladies or the man would not have attracted my notice. Madame and Mademoiselle occupy the next villa to my father's."

Monseigneur Zubin rose deliberately to his feet. One realized then his extraordinary height. He must have been at least six feet, four inches, and broad in proportion. Gerald, although he himself was considerably over average height, seemed like a child by his side.

"If you mention their names again," he threatened, "I shall throw you out of the place."

Gerald looked him over for a moment, unmoved but intensely curious. The mystery of Madame and Mademoiselle de Pontre had only been increased by this chance meeting.

"Pray sit down," he begged. "You are making every one uneasy. I have no wish to quarrel with you. I simply look you for an ordinary human being."

The Russian resumed his seat. Gerald called for his bill.

During their short walk to the Sporting Club, where the two young men had arranged to spend the rest of the evening, Christopher endeavored to bring the conversation round to the subject of Myrtle.

"It is time," he insisted, "that we do something a little more definite about Myrtle. You don't take her seriously enough, Gerald."

"In what way?"

"She told me this afternoon that you had promised to take her to one of your supper parties."

Gerald was not altogether at his ease.

"It was rather a rash promise," he admitted, "but after all, why not? She'd create quite a sensation."

"That child's immediate future is a charge upon our honor," Christopher said sternly. "You and I know the class of young women you invite to your parties. She mustn't breathe the same atmosphere."

"Are you in love with Myrtle?" Gerald asked curiously.

Christopher laughed the question but he remained outwardly unperturbed.

"Myrtle is a child," he said. "It will be time enough to think of such things when she has become a woman. The one deadly and pernicious certainty is that she is in love with you. Be careful, Gerald. You don't want to walk on the floor of hell."

They had reached the steps of the Sporting Club. Gerald ran lightly up.

"My dear Chris," he said, turning around as he prepared to divest himself of his overcoat, "don't be a melodramatic ass. We're in the wrong atmosphere for that sort of thing. Jupiter! Here is the family!"

"Well, you might appear a little more pleased to see us," Mary declared.

"Let's find a corner in the bar and have some coffee," Christopher suggested. "Gerald is too electric to night for a man of my staid temperament."

"I'm not so sure of your staid temperament as I was," Mary rejoined. "Christopher, I am not at all sure that you two young men are behaving nicely in Monte Carlo. Gerald seems to have an extraordinary craze for taking the mysterious young woman next door out motoring every afternoon. Who is she?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Christopher confessed. "Neither has he. That, I think, is part of the attraction."

Lady Mary played with the pearls which hung from her neck.

"To leave the subject of our mysterious neighbors, have you succeeded in finding any employment for your little protegee yet?" she inquired, looking up at her companion.

"Not yet," Christopher replied. "I have written to a cousin of mine in London, who goes in for that sort of thing, to see if she can find her a post as nursery governess. The girl is altogether unusual. Her father and mother were both school teachers. Sometimes I feel inclined to regret that we ever discovered her, but so long as we did, and brought her here, we must try and start her properly."

"And, in the meantime, the poor little foot is hopelessly in love with Gerald. Well, you both know what you are doing, I suppose. I should be sorry to have your responsibility. I think I ought to go and see how dad is getting on with his millie."

"Wait one moment," Christopher begged, laying his hand upon her arm. "I want you to watch this."

She looked up curiously. Gerald had just entered the crowded little room, and, at the same moment, Mademoiselle de Pontre and her aunt appeared on the other threshold.

Madame was dressed in black clothes of old-fashioned but distinctive cut. A wonderful black lace shawl drooped from her shoulders. Her ears and fingers blazed with gems. She leaned, as she walked, upon an ivory-topped stick, and her eyes had their usual trick of wandering around the room as though she saw no one. Pauline's wonderful figure seemed sheathed in a black net gown, which fitted her with almost magical perfection. Gerald, who had been on his way to join his sister and Christopher, paused at their approach, as though bent on challenging some recognition, however slight, from the girl. In this, however, he was disappointed. Without any appearance of avoiding him, without even turning her eyes away from his direction, she passed by as though in complete unconsciousness of his presence, and followed her companion through the other door. Gerald stood for a moment in silent fury after they had left. The cigarette which he had been holding between his fingers slipped onto the carpet, crushed to pieces. He set his heel upon it and crossed the room. Lady Mary recog-

nized the sound of disturbance in him and greeted him with the tactful smile of one who has noticed nothing unusual.

"Tell me whether to play trente et quarante or roulette tonight, Gerald," she said. "Or shall I go and play baccarat? If only the people there weren't so alarming!"

Gerald looked across at Christopher. He seemed as though he had scarcely heard his sister's words.

"Did you see that?" he asked, in a low tone.

Christopher nodded.

"The girl is extraordinarily attractive," Mary observed. "Shall I really be brave and call Gerald? One doesn't do that sort of thing abroad, but she must be lonely. If they aren't what they should be, it won't hurt me."

"No good, old dear," Gerald groaned. "I've suggested something of the sort already, but she only threw cold water on the idea."

Lady Mary laughed softly.

"After all," she decided, "there is something humorous in the situation. I always look upon Gerald as being the most womanish of men I know. Quite a new experience for you, dear, isn't it? I can't think how you ever progressed so far as you have done."

"I should like to see you, old fellow," Christopher advised. "They won't hold out forever. You will probably find that tomorrow afternoon the young lady will shyly invite you in to meet her aunt."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Gerald growled. "There! Did you see that?"

Through the open doorway, Madame de Pontre and her younger companion were plainly visible, making their way toward one of the roulette tables. They had come face to face for a moment with a little Frenchman, who stopped and bowed with every mark of respect. Both of the women acknowledged his salutation graciously. Gerald sprang to his feet.

"That's Henri Dubois, Monsieur Blanche's representative here," he exclaimed. "He knows them! Thank heavens, I've come across some one at last who does!"

He crossed the room in half a dozen strides, and accosted Monsieur Dubois in the private way leading to the Hotel de Paris. The usual civilities were exchanged.

"Monsieur Dubois, you can do me a favor," Gerald confided, as he drew him toward the bar and ordered two liqueur brandies.

"If it is possible, it is done," Dubois declared. "If it is impossible, it shall be done."

"I want you to tell me," Gerald continued, "who the two ladies in black were, to whom you just bowed—Madame and Mademoiselle de Pontre, they call themselves. What on earth is the mystery about them?"

The Frenchman looked at him in blank surprise.

"Mystery, my lord?" he repeated. "Is there one?"

"Look here, old fellow," Gerald said. "I will ask you one question, and one question only. What are their real names?"

Monsieur Dubois smiled. His difficulties were at an end.

"My lord," he declared, "you wrong those very respectable ladies in imagining that they would present themselves here under names to which they had no right. Both ladies, who are, as you have doubtless surmised, related, are entitled to the name of De Pontre. The first Christian name of the older lady is Anastasia, of the younger—Pauline. I am happy to be able to satisfy my lord. A thousand excuses. They call me from the baccarat room."

Gerald returned dejectedly to the room where his sister and Christopher were waiting expectantly.

"It appears that there is no mystery at all," he announced. "Dubois assures me that they are related and that their names are indeed De Pontre."

(To be continued)

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"Did you see that?" he asked, in a low tone.

Christopher nodded.

"The girl is extraordinarily attractive," Mary observed. "Shall I really be brave and call Gerald? One doesn't do that sort of thing abroad, but she must be lonely. If they aren't what they should be, it won't hurt me."

"No good, old dear," Gerald groaned. "I've suggested something of the sort already, but she only threw cold water on the idea."

Lady Mary laughed softly.

"After all," she decided, "there is something humorous in the situation. I always look upon Gerald as being the most womanish of men I know. Quite a new experience for you, dear, isn't it? I can't think how you ever progressed so far as you have done."

"I should like to see you, old fellow," Christopher advised. "They won't hold out forever. You will probably find that tomorrow afternoon the young lady will shyly invite you in to meet her aunt."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Gerald growled. "There! Did you see that?"

Through the open doorway, Madame de Pontre and her younger companion were plainly visible, making their way toward one of the roulette tables. They had come face to face for a moment with a little Frenchman, who stopped and bowed with every mark of respect. Both of the women acknowledged his salutation graciously. Gerald sprang to his feet.

"That's Henri Dubois, Monsieur Blanche's representative here," he exclaimed. "He knows them! Thank heavens, I've come across some one at last who does!"

He crossed the room in half a dozen strides, and accosted Monsieur Dubois in the private way leading to the Hotel de Paris. The usual civilities were exchanged.

"Monsieur Dubois, you can do me a favor," Gerald confided, as he drew him toward the bar and ordered two liqueur brandies.

"If it is possible, it is done," Dubois declared. "If it is impossible, it shall be done."

"I want you to tell me," Gerald continued, "who the two ladies in black were, to whom you just bowed—Madame and Mademoiselle de Pontre, they call themselves. What on earth is the mystery about them?"

The Frenchman looked at him in blank surprise.

"Mystery, my lord?" he repeated. "Is there one?"

"Look here, old fellow," Gerald said. "I will ask you one question, and one question only. What are their real names?"

Monsieur Dubois smiled. His difficulties were at an end.

"My lord," he declared, "you wrong those very respectable ladies in imagining that they would present themselves here under names to which they had no right. Both ladies, who are, as you have doubtless surmised, related, are entitled to the name of De Pontre. The first Christian name of the older lady is Anastasia, of the younger—Pauline. I am happy to be able to satisfy my lord. A thousand excuses. They call me from the baccarat room."

Gerald returned dejectedly to the room where his sister and Christopher were waiting expectantly.

"It appears that there is no mystery at all," he announced. "Dubois assures me that they are related and that their names are indeed De Pontre."

(To be continued)

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years, it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

## GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Watch Responds to the Personal Touch

Of all mechanical devices we use, a watch comes nearest to having life, senses and feeling. It reacts to cold and heat, dampness and dry air, recognizes good treatment from bad; in fact, it is as sensitive to the way it is cared for as a pet dog would be, says Popular Science Monthly. A watch even has temperament that it acquires rapidly according to the temperament of its wearer. If two persons were to exchange watches that had been kept in perfect time, the watches would proceed to get out of order quickly.

A watch is the most delicate and complex mechanism of daily use. It has 211 parts, some so small that they are just about visible to the unaided eye. A break of maladjustment of any of these parts is sufficient to mar its utility as a timepiece.

To make a watch requires about 4,000 distinct operations, involving a year's work. Part of the mechanism strikes 167,000,000 blows a year, while the balanced wheel revolves a distance of 4,800 miles. No other piece of machinery known is subjected to such use. Yet a good watch will keep perfect time through two or three generations.

Once your watch has been reguinated to fit your gait, it will require very little attention. It should be oiled once a year, protected from dust, dampness and sudden jolts, and wound every 24 hours at exactly the same time to the minute. With this slight amount of care even a cheap watch should last for years.

Early Locomotive Did Not Operate in Rain

Nearly all the great inventions and discoveries which have made modern life so wonderful and at the same time so strenuous have been produced within the last century. A huge step forward was made, something about a century ago, when the steam engine was adapted to haul trains of "wagons" on railroads. A copy of the Philadelphia Chronicle of that period contains this unique advertisement: Notice—The locomotive engine (built by Mr. W. Baldwin of this city) will depart daily when weather is fair with a train of passengers; on rainy days horses will be attached." This engine, "built by Mr. Baldwin," was the beginning of the great Baldwin locomotive works, which is now one of the biggest things of the kind in the world. Mr. Baldwin made the astonishing boast that his original engine would "draw 20 tons on a level road." Now a single freight car will hold twice that much.

Camel's Hair Cloth

Real camel's hair is used in making camel's hair cloth. It comes from the cooler sections of China, as the hair obtained from the camels in the warmer sections is neither fine nor abundant. At a certain season of the year camels shed their hair, which drops off in bunches, most frequently while the camels are asleep. When a caravan is on a trip there is always a special boy whose duty it is to gather up the shed hair in baskets. When a port is reached the hair is sorted and baled for export.

Rocks for a Park

At the registry office in Bath, Maine, there is recorded a deed from the United States to the state of Maine of Sugar Loaf Islands at the mouth of the Kennebec. The deed says that these islands shall be used for park purposes, and in the event of their being used for any other purpose the title shall revert to the United States. But the islands are a couple of large rocks each about 200 feet long. A good deal of their area is devoid of growth, while on the rest shrubs, grass and a few small trees struggle for life.—Exchange.

Lucky Diamond Buyer

J. Bergman, a diamond buyer in the famous district near Kimberley, South Africa, has come into possession of a diamond weighing 418½ carats, which, curiously enough, was found by a poor Kamekfontein. The prospector did not at first realize its value, but it is estimated at \$150,000 easily. It is one of the brown variety.

Lobsterman's View

"It's lovely on this island in summer," said the vacationist, "but in winter I should think it would be awfully isolated."

"Tain't nothing of the sort," replied the lobster fisherman. "Sometimes the harbor don't freeze over at all."

Age of Young Men

Every age is the age of young men, but the older men seem to have the money.

Virtue of Fishermen

Surely the greatest virtue of fishermen is their hopefulness.—Zane Grey.

## Special Bargains

FALL AND WINTER WOOLENS

Complaining the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets. We do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

## Took Pains to Soothe "Man's" Ruffled Feeling

As anyone knows who has read that brilliant but rather disconcerting novel, "The Way of All Flesh," Samuel Butler was not a slavish admirer of the institution of the family. His own life at home had not been happy, and we remember that in his "Note-Books" he referred to some Biblical character—Melchizedek, was it not?—as a "really happy man—without father, without mother, and without accent." But Butler, no more than the rest of us, could get along without affection. He had a few close friends and was most faithful perhaps to the least deserving. There was a curious relationship between Butler and his man servant, Alfred. What it was like can best be

## The Mercury.

Published by MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.  
Office Telephone 181  
House Telephone 1619

Saturday, July 19, 1924

The New York and New Haven Railroad stock sold this week around 27, which is the highest point reached in several years. Still there is yet considerable difference between 27 and 27½, the point which this stock brought in former years.

New York is now claimed to be the largest city in the world, with a population of 5,620,048. London comes second with 4,483,249, while Berlin ranks third with 3,803,770 inhabitants. The total population of the globe is placed at 1,804,187,031.

Milk is going up in New Hampshire and gasoline is going down. The price of milk in Manchester has reached 13 cents, due to it is said to poor food caused by lack of rain, while competition in gasoline has brought that article down to 21 cents.

The Lafollette supporters propose to raise a fund of five million dollars to beat the two old political parties. Rather an expensive campaign, but it would be expensive to the nation should this be done. Wisconsin political renegade, get elected.

Uncle Sam's "home soil" in about two weeks. They have traveled as far as France, and during the past few days, have been royally entertained in Paris. London is preparing a great reception for the Americans when they reach England's shores.

Editor Hearst is not an enthusiastic candidate about any of the Presidential races now in the field. "Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis are both fine men," he says, "but a little too conservative, a little too radical." A ticket made of Hearst and Hylan would be an ideal ticket in the multitudinous editor's mind.

The Boston Globe's correspondent has discovered several candidates for Governor of Rhode Island in addition to Representative Davis. Among the number he discovers ex-Gov. Pothier, ex-Gov. San Souci, ex-Congressman Ambrose Kennedy, Judge Felix H. Herbert, George W. Gardner, and last, but not least, Congressman Burdick of this city.

Boston wants a big world fair on the 300th anniversary of its settlement, which occurs in 1930. The site for the great exhibition it is suggested should be a 2000-acre tract of land around the Strandway, Columbia road and Cow Pasture, South Boston. That sounds well. There ought to be room enough in a "Cow pasture" for any exhibition Boston can give us. If more room is needed no doubt but that most any part of New England could supply a few more "cow pastures" without trouble.

Uncle Sam makes a good financial showing in his statement of June 30 this year. A year ago he owed \$22,349,775,885.86; of this he has paid during the year the nice little sum of \$1,098,894,376.87; so that he now owes only \$21,250,812,989.49. Since 1919, when the war debt was at its peak, we have paid off over five billions of that debt. Five years of Civil War brought this nation in debt less than three billion dollars, while three years of World War entailed on us the enormous tax of twenty-six billions. It must be apparent that there was an enormous leak somewhere in this last war.

The holy, better be said unholy, farce at the State House in Providence is still being kept up day by day. On Wednesday the nine Democratic senators attempted to do business. The one Republican senator present, Senator Sanderson raised the question of no quorum, the Lieutenant Governor ordered the Sheriff to put him out, and when the senator started to walk out of his own accord the presiding officer ordered him stopped. It requires 20 members present to make a quorum, still the nine Democrats went on and transacted business by appointing a committee to appear before the Public Utilities Commission to protest against the present car fares in this state. Meanwhile the Republican senators still remain in "exile" in Massachusetts, and the bills of the state, for lack of passage of the annual appropriation bill, are being paid by private individuals, with the aid of the state banks.

### WOMEN DON'T LIKE TO BE ON THE OUTSIDE IN POLITICS

"We women are on the outside of politics," complains an Ohio woman who has been taking an active share in party affairs. "The men of the inner circle don't care a nickel for us. They don't take us seriously. We are the decoration—the window dressing."

"We are told to wave the flag and shout for the party. What for? We trot around to get votes for an organization of whose inner working we know nothing. I am a member of the county committee and nobody has ever asked me in on anything. I don't know where things are decided, but it hasn't been at any meetings where I have been. I see no romance in being a humble precinct worker—a blind for something that we have nothing to do with. There is not a bit of sense in our standing like beggars in the outer court. It's either get inside the works, and get in now, or quit the farce."

Despairing of getting in, this brilliant woman has quit. There are indications that a good many able women around the country are feeling very much as she does. Their first enthusiasm as political workers has waned, for the very reasons given in this spirited arraignment of machine politics for men only.

It is evident that if men want to keep women lined up as co-workers and vote-getters, they will have to change their tactics and deal more fairly with them. It would be painful for any party to have a women's political revolt on its hands, especially this year.

President Coolidge is to be notified August 14 that he has been nominated for re-election as President of this great republic. Isn't it too bad that he is to be kept in suspense for two whole months before he is told that he is expected to be the nation's servant for another four years? Perhaps, however, some inkling of what was done at Cleveland early in June may have reached his ears. It is quite certain that the result of the one hundred and three ballots in the three weeks Democratic labors in Madison Square Garden may have reached his ears without causing any fear on his part. The formal notification meeting is expected to be a big event. The key note of the campaign will be sounded at that meeting. The proceedings at that meeting and President Coolidge's key note address will be broadcasted by radio over the entire country. Charles G. Dawes, the candidate for Vice President, will receive formal notification in a few days later.

Chairman Walsh, in his fifteen days of untiring labor in presiding over the late Madison Square Garden convention, smashed numerous gavel, and each near smashing the head of a madly delegate when one gavel flew off he handle and hit the aforesaid delegate, but the souvenir hunter aided him in disposing of a gross or more gavel by carrying off one much prized by the owner, which was made from an oak tree more than three hundred years old, and brought to the convention from Salem, N. J. This gavel was used by the chairman on the famous 102nd and 103rd ballots. Since then it has vanished from sight and the owner mourns the loss.

The Democratic minority in the state senate are still keeping up the farce of meeting day by day in the state house and broadcasting threats of what they will do to the Republican majority when they get hold of them. Lately the monarch of the senate chamber, His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, has come in for a considerable criticism for his dilatoriness in calling the august body to order. Altogether that small band of would-be prize fighters does not seem to be a happy family.

One million people in this country are suffering from hay fever, and the number is constantly increasing. So says the American Hay Fever Association. This Association lays the cause to trolley cars, automobiles and other means of increasing modes of travel. A learned doctor who has investigated the matter says, in view of the importance of hay fever, both as to its length and rapid increase, the disease demands the most careful consideration.

A citizen of Burbank, Calif., has papered two rooms in his house with 149,242 canceled postage stamps, thereby proving that stamp collecting is of some use after all. Probably the chief value in those stamps, however, was the fact that they kept the owner from doing some more foolish thing than pasting them on the walls. It is hard to imagine what that could be.

### WHERE THE "PORK BARREL" SLOAN HAD ITS ORIGIN

When, in the midst of a congressional discussion upon some measure which entails the expenditure of large sums of money in different parts of the country—for example, the rivers and harbors bill—one member will denounce the bill as a "poorly disguised pork barrel," the meaning is at once apparent to anyone at all familiar with American parliamentary slang, for it has come to be the accepted equivalent of an attempt to secure public money for private or semi-private purposes. A "pork-barrel" measure, therefore, is one which would enrich certain districts at the expense of the public treasury, either by providing for costly improvements or by spending money unnecessarily.

To find the genesis of the phrase we have to go back to the earlier days of the republic, when the majority of the citizens were farmers who, during the winter were forced to live on salt-pork. If their supply was adequate and their barrels well filled, they said they had no need to worry about a long hard winter—the pork barrel would take care of them. In a similar, but more metaphorical, sense, they now look to their Congressmen to take care of them by securing at least a portion of the "pork-barrel" legislation, which will lead to profits on labor, land and supplies.

### THE COOLIDGE TIDE

In spite of all we hear of radical movements and third party conventions, the betting in Wall street as the campaign opens, is heavily in favor of Calvin Coolidge as against the field. Men are giving odds on his being in the White House after March 4 next as against all possible candidates and all possible contingencies. Why is this? Everybody who comes in from the West, and even from the South, tells the story of the unprecedented hold which Mr. Coolidge has upon the respect and in the affections of the American people. They showed it in their primaries. They turned into an acclamation meeting something which last November looked as if it would be the scene of a determined contest and one from which the President might not successfully emerge.

By all the signs of the times there is a strong tide sweeping over the country, one that is accelerating in volume with the progress of the days.—Boston Herald.

Dullness in the manufacturing centres of New England still continues. A general survey of the conditions throughout the six New England states shows that practically all the factories are running on short time and with greatly decreased force, and not a few are closed entirely. The report says that practically all the plants in Rhode Island are operating, "but many on part time schedules."

The body of Charles Howard Allen, who was drowned in the Panama Canal a short time ago, will be brought to Newport for interment. St. John's Lodge of Masons will take charge of the services upon the arrival of the body. The date of the funeral is as yet uncertain.

It cost a lobster fisherman from Riverside \$82.60 to have 16 short lobsters in his boat in the West Passage. Commissioners Luth, and Harrington found the lobsters and presented the man in Court, where the fine of \$5.00 for each lobster was imposed.

WE'VE HEARD MEIGSWORTH ANSWER. A servant will not be corrected by words, for though he understands he will not answer.—Solomon.

### Weekly Calendar JULY 1924

STANDARD TIME											
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
10 Sat	4 21	7 18	9 32	8 58	10 10	10 50	11 21	4 22	7 19	9 33	8 59
20 Sun	4 25	7 22	9 36	9 02	10 14	10 54	11 25	4 26	7 23	9 37	9 03
21 Mon	4 29	7 26	9 40	9 06	10 18	10 58	11 29	4 30	7 27	9 41	9 07
22 Tue	4 33	7 30	9 44	9 10	10 22	11 02	11 33	4 34	7 31	9 45	9 11
23 Wed	4 37	7 34	9 48	9 14	10 26	11 06	11 37	4 38	7 35	9 49	9 15
24 Thurs	4 41	7 38	9 52	9 18	10 30	11 10	11 41	4 42	7 39	9 53	9 19
25 Fri	4 45	7 42	9 56	9 22	10 34	11 14	11 45	4 46	7 43	9 57	9 23

New moon, 24, 0.35 morning  
First quarter, 31, 4.41 morning  
Full moon, 16th, 6.50 morning  
Last quarter, 23d, 11.31 morning  
New moon, 21st, 2.45 evening

## Deaths.

Suddenly in this city, 11th inst., William H. Williamson, in his 64th year.  
In this city 11th inst., Anna Louise, daughter of the late John C. and Louise C. Schoch, in her 50th year.  
Suddenly in this city, 14th inst., Michael, son of the late Michael and Julia O'Connell.  
In this city, 14th inst., Agnes Bradford, wife of Charles Anderson, in her 64th year.  
Wednesday, July 16th at his residence, Althorp, Newport, Rhode Island, John Thompson Spencer, aged 77 years.  
In this city, 16th inst., Kathryn Mary (Kit) Miller, wife of Arthur H. McLean and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Hille, in her 36th year.  
Suddenly in this city, 16th inst., George N. Richardson.  
In this city, 16th inst., Flora Burgo, wife of Filipe Montero.  
In this city, 17th inst., Ruby Minerva, infant daughter of Howard A. and Mary D. Parker, in her 17 days.  
Hiddetown, 11th inst., Samuel B. Dodge, in his 87th year.  
In Boston, Mass., 12th inst., William H. Chase son of the late William H. and Mary B. (Cornell) Chase, aged 19 years.  
Suddenly, in Weimar, Germany, Mrs. Julia Neltzer, sister of Mrs. J. Hazard Wilson and Miss Finkenstaedt.

### FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, July 19, 1924.—Many inquiries are coming, asking when relief may be expected for the dry spots in North America. I see no indications of a change during the last two weeks of July. The best prospects for rain are in the vicinity of Hudson's Bay, but that is not much good as an agricultural country. August? Everybody is asking about August crop weather. That appears a little better for some localities. The many severe storms, marked on my weather map, would certainly make plentiful rain if they could get the water. There lies the difficulty. The evaporation lies along a line drawn from Newfoundland, thru Labrador and northwest; and another line drawn from the Gulf of California across northern coast of South America, will evaporate an abundance of moisture and all the lands within 500 miles of those lines, will get plenty of rain during August.

All northwestern Africa has been suffering greatly from drought and it will continue thru August, but not so severe. The islands of Great Britain have too much moisture and will get more during August. The drought in southeastern Russia will continue. I have had no news from central Africa, but I say they are, at this time, in the upper Blue Nile country, suffering from one of the most destructive droughts that ever occurred there. Heavy rains will fall during August and the storms will be unusually severe along the steamship line from New York City to the English channel.

Very damaging frosts sometimes occur in southern Canada, but I am of the opinion that killing frosts in August need not be feared, because I have no hurricane on my map for August for the Gulf of Mexico, nor for the Caribbean Sea. It requires a hurricane on these waters to pull down an early killing frost. Floods in our cotton states are not expected in the coming months because it is the hurricane that makes the southern floods.

There are indications of tornadoes during August and I will have something to say about their dates a little later; readers might forget them if mentioned too early. I am trying to relieve you of the bite of the August frost, the flood and roar of the hurricane, that you may better withstand the torturing horrors of the terrible August tornadoes.

### BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)  
Mr. and Mrs. Atmore Sprague accompanied their two children to the Newport Hospital last Tuesday, the latter being seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Hastings Conley is confined to his home with an attack of appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Macof announced the arrival of a son, Samuel Elwood Maloof.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Corkum of Lowell, Mass., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood.

Mrs. Oswald Heide of Pawtucket is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clarence H. Lewis.

### Auto Accident

Mr. Maurice Holton, clerk at the Vaill Hotel, made what appeared to be a gruesome discovery last Tuesday morning when on his way to the Hotel. As he passed the South Cliff he was shocked to see an automobile some sixty feet below, upside down with two bodies lying alongside. Hastily making his way down the embankment he soon reached the wreck, only to find that the bodies were "fake"—being stuffed straw men and the auto was an old Ford touring body minus the two forward wheels and engine. Mr. Holton reported his find to Sheriff Elmer Allen, who declared that the hoax was a plant, evidently the work of some one interested in the welfare of the local taxmen, as the latter did a record business for the rest of the day carrying guests to the South Side to view the automobile fatality.

### Kidnapped

A sailor from one of the submarines which lay off the New Harbor the past week, was the victim of a rather serious joke last Wednesday evening.

Attending a dance at the harbor the Jackie was in the height of his glory until someone paged him and said a friend wanted to see him a minute in an automobile which was standing alongside the curb. The young man was seen to get into the machine, which was rapidly driven off. According to his own story he was taken to the Summit House on top of Beacon Hill. There his hands and feet were securely tied and he was left to his fate.

About 10 a. m. Thursday morning, a party of tourists who were on the hill for a view, were driven into the house for shelter from a shower, and thereby hangs a tale. They quickly released the victim and shortly conveyed him to the New Harbor, where he quickly boarded his craft, after thanking his rescuers. The young man, other than as quoted above, refused to discuss the incident.

### GRETA TORPADIE

Of all the younger singers of this country none has better succeeded in making a place for herself, finding a niche for herself alone, than Greta Torpadie, that charming Swedish-American girl who is coming here to sing in a regatta at the Historical Society on July 31. At a time when capable singers of ability and charm can be counted by the score and when competition grows more fierce every year, despite the constant broadening of the musical field of the United States, it's a great advantage for a singer to have so stamped her art with an individuality that she is placed, as far as the others go, in a niche of her own. This in the very few years that she has been singing in public, Miss Torpadie has succeeded in doing.

With her skill in the selection and building of a program, with her lovely voice and charming personality, and with her most unusual gifts as an interpreter, Miss Torpadie is altogether a unique figure in our world of music. She never bores, she never tires, she has always something interesting to say through her art. A Torpadie recital is certainly a source of pleasure for those that love the finer things in music.

### BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 12, 1924

### FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Cantaloupes weakened considerably during the week, principally on account of arrivals of considerable ripe stock from Calif. Standard crates closed at \$1.75-2.75; Jumbos at \$2.25-2.25; few pears at \$1.50-1.75 and flats at 75c-1.25, depending on degree of ripeness. The first car of Ariz. stock arrived Friday, selling at \$3.60 for jumbo crates; \$3 for standards and \$1.25-1.50 for flats. S. C. flats closed at 50c, Georgia flats closed slightly weaker at 50-60c for best stock, and 30-40c for wasty. Potatoes continued weaker, with a slow demand. Best Eastern Short stock closed at \$3.50-3.75, with few sales; high as \$4. Norfolk section and N. C. stock weakened at \$2-2.25. Watermelons have been in slow demand in spite of the weather, with very heavy receipts. Georgia and Fla. Tom Watsons were about unchanged in price, closing at 25-30c, depending on size. Georgia peaches showed a wide range in price, with increasing supply. Six basket carloads of Illaya closed at \$1.75-2.50 and Carmons at \$1.50-2. Late varieties are expected on the market shortly. The first car of N. C. Early-Rose sold Friday at \$1.75-2.25, few 2.50. Tomatoes are stronger, six basket carloads from Md., Ga. and S. C. selling at \$2.50-3.50 for fancy and choice count. Mississippi flats advanced to \$1.75-1.85. Texas onions are practically cleaned up, a few sales of Crystal White Wax being made at \$2.50-2.75 per std. crate. Virginia hampers are higher at \$2-2.25. Egyptian onions higher at 15c per 112 lb. sack, and Spanish cases at \$4.60. String beans are arriving from Conn. in heavy supply, closing at \$1.50-2. for green and \$2.25-2.25 for wax stock per bushel. A large variety of berries is now on the market. N. J. raspberries closed at 8-12c per flat; N. Y. blackberries at 15-25c per qt.; N. Y. currants at 12-13c per qt.; cherries 12-13c per qt; gooseberries at 18c. New Brunswick strawberries opened at 15-25c Friday, Maine stock 12-20c per qt., and Cape Cod closed at 7-12c. N. C. cucumbers closed at \$1.75 per bushel, with poorer stock low at \$1. N. Y. peas are weak on account of competition with home-grown. Closing sales were made at 50-75c per bushel.

### DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed poultry receipts were moderate but ample to the demand which has been very dull. All prices are unchanged but are harder to get especially on heavy fowl. The tone of the market at the close was easy under liberal offerings. Fowl 5 lbs. 30-31c, 4-4½ lbs. 29c, 3-3½ lbs. 35-37c, broilers 1-2 lbs. 39-40c. Roosters 19-20c, small 17-18c. LIVE POULTRY steady with receipts about equal to the demand. Fowl, 26c, chickens 30c. BUTTER MARKET has ruled sensitive and reacted to slightest influences. Receipts have been ample and the demand principally for consumptive needs. Prices were lower, at the close. Demand for medium grades seemed to be best. Undergrades were hardest to move. 22 score 41c, 90-91 score 41-41½c, 88-89 score 39-40c, 87 score 38c. EGG MARKET has ruled steadier. Trade has been fair with buyers critical but willing to pay for quality. Top grades have moved well. Cheap eggs have been in good demand. Current receipts also found better demand. Extras 31-33c, extra firsts 28½-29½c, firsts 27-27½c, seconds 26-26½c. Nearby henneys 32-35c and all browns up to 39c.

Recipients of 22 prizes offered by the Yale Club of New York for excellence in freshmen courses at Yale show that eleven Connecticut, five New York, two Pennsylvania, one Washington, D. C. and one Kentucky students won the awards.

Harry L. Gordon was awarded a verdict of \$400 in the Suffolk Mass., superior civil court for injuries received from a shock while using a telephone. He sued the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. for \$10,000.

The will of Harry Dutton, Boston merchant, who died May 20, has been filed. His real and personal property, including his interest in the Houghton & Dutton store, is left in trust for 10 years. During that time the income will be paid to the three daughters of the deceased.

The Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, underwent a mastoid operation at a hospital in Bar Harbor. After an operation in 1919, similar to the recent one, Bishop Lawrence's health was affected for several years and his weakened condition forced his retirement during the summer of 1921.

The French chamber of deputies has two sensational novelties. A deputy who addressed it in German, or the kind of German spoken in Alsace, and a deputy clad in the Braton variety of the garb of old Gaul. The former is M. Hucher, Communist deputy from Alsace, who is obliged to talk German because he cannot talk anything else, and the latter is the Liberal deputy from Morbihan, a farmer named Joseph Cadiu, who lives in Pontivy. M. Cadiu wears the local festival costume, consisting principally of a kind of ebon jacket with a waistcoat of white cloth, both elaborately embroidered in red. The rest of the garments are of black silk.

Monkeys Test Money  
Owing to the spread of counterfeit coins in Siam, monkeys are being employed in the banks to test the spurious currency. It is reported. Installed behind the counters, the monkeys test the coins between their teeth. If good, no marks are left on the metal, and the coins are thrown into a box at the animal's side. Should the coins be bad, the metal bears visible marks and is thrown on the floor, later to be swept up and destroyed.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

### England's Manors

Is there room enough in all England for all the manors and country seats that have been described in British novels? Wouldn't their demise overlap?

### Forms in Poetry

Oh, rest assured that there are no stereotyped forms of poetry. It is a vital power and may assume any guise and take any shape.—Henry Field.

### THE NEWPORT MERCURY FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1924

The final organization meeting of the New England Dairy System, a \$5,000,000 corporation, which aims to regulate and control the milk production in New Hampshire and Vermont, was held in Concord, N. H. Plans for canvassing the farmers of the two states under the program of selling stock to the milk producers were completed and the active work on the organization now awaits only the approval of the state banking authorities of the two states.



## MRS. C. D. HIRST

Executive Secretary of the Women's Democratic Committee



Mrs. Charles D. Hirst was executive secretary of the women's committee of the Democratic National Committee for entertainment of men and women delegates to the Democratic National Convention.

REPORT 3,000 SLAIN  
IN BRAZIL FIGHTING

Refugees From Sao Paulo Tell of Fierce Struggle in and Around City.

Santos, Brazil.—Fighting in the city of Sao Paulo, seat of the Brazilian insurrection, has been of the most desperate character during the past few days, according to two employees of an American concern who arrived here after a perilous journey from the beleaguered metropolis. They estimated that the dead among troops and civilians would reach 3,000. The luxurious Hotel Esplanade at Sao Paulo has been turned into a hospital and is said to be crowded with the wounded. Shells from the besieging Federal forces have been falling in the city. One landed on a hotel, killing eight civilians.

Some of the Federal artillery, stationed south of the suburb of Ypiranga, has been bombarding the city. Most of the fighting which has been taking place between here and Sao Paulo is said to have been between small bands of rebels and Federal troops.

Refugees confirm the report that 600 Federal troops who started last week from Santos to aid in the relief of Sao Paulo were cut to pieces by the insurrectionists.

The rebel forces defending Sao Paulo against the attack of the Federal troops are estimated to be 34,000. This number is said to be increasing daily by recruits arriving from nearby regions. The Federalists at present are estimated to number 24,000, either on hand or en route. The continued Federal bombardment of Sao Paulo is said to have turned the entire population overwhelmingly to the support of the leaders of the insurrection.

It is reported that the State Legislature will take the necessary action for the besieged city's welfare. It is declared that military leaders, headed by General Lopez, are preparing to take the offensive against the Government by marching on Rio de Janeiro, expecting to attract reinforcements en route.

WORLD NEWS IN  
CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Thirty-one Italians smuggled into this country to be deported.

LONDON.—In the presence of 3,500 advertising men from all parts of the world, the Prince of Wales formally opened the world advertising convention at Wembley stadium.

ALBANY, N. Y.—With a demonstration unparalleled in the history of the city, Albany gave Governor Smith a welcome home from the Democratic National Convention which would have done honor to a "conquering hero" rather than an unsuccessful candidate for nomination for President.

PARIS.—Bombing airplanes of German design are being built in Italy for the Japanese navy. They are all metal machines.

MADRID.—Gen. Primo Rivera, head of the Spanish Government, has left on a visit to Morocco, after an audience with King Alfonso.

BERLIN.—The international police congress, at its first session in Danzig, discussed ways and means to stop international crooks and decided to take the day off to visit Coppel, the watering place of the German polo society and which includes a gambling casino.

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay.—Authoritative advice received here say that the Brazilian rebels in Sao Paulo have won fresh victories over the Government troops, and, according to these advices, the Government forces have been badly defeated.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—General Butler, indicating his confidence that he will not be retained in Philadelphia as Director of Public Safety after January 5, next, has written to Major General John A. Lejeune, commander of the United States Marine Corps, requesting information as to where he will be assigned.

AMERICA LEADS  
IN OLYMPICS

Uncle Sam's Boys Hoist New Figures in Winning 400-Metre and 1600 Metre Relays.

FINLAND IS THE RUNNER UP

Make Triumph Complete by Scoring Twelve First Places to Ten for the Finns—Score 265 Points Against 166 by Finland.

Olympic Stadium, Colombes, France.—America left the Olympic battlefield Sunday triumphant in track and field for the eighth successive time since the modern revival of the Olympic games. But when dusk brought a close to the greatest and most spectacular fight ever witnessed for international honors, America shared the final glory with her gallant rival from the north, Finland.

Although the Americans, in a convincing and final demonstration of their all-round supremacy, shattered two more world's and one Olympic record, the premier mantle of Olympic triumph went to the new Finnish hero, Ailto Stenroos, who raced under another blazing sun to the classic marathon championship—a victory which capped the climax to Finland's clean sweep of the distance races and gave the little Nordic country the greatest laurels it has ever known.

Stenroos, a forty-year-old Helsinki woodworker, running his first competitive marathon race in fifteen years, sped over the twenty-six miles of country road to one of the most impressive victories in the history of the blue ribbon event. He crossed the finish line inside the stadium amid a deafening ovation in 2 hours 43 minutes 23.5 seconds, nearly six minutes in front of his nearest rival, Bertini, of Italy, with Clarence de Mar, Melrose, Mass., the American veteran, finishing a close third, to send the Stars and Stripes up to the Olympic mainstand for the marathon for the first time since 1912.

But remarkable as was Stenroos' triumph in the world's greatest test of heart and stamina, the highest honor of all in the final analysis must be bestowed upon his countryman, Paavo Nurmi, who completed a phenomenal record when, leading his team to victory in the 3,000 meter race, he won his fourth triumph of the games.

Nurmi, flawless running machine whose marvelous achievement in capturing four Olympic events equals the record set by the American Kraepelin twenty-four years ago, but stands alone in comparison with any accomplishment since that time, was the mainstay of the courageous but vain fight Finland put up to outscore the United States. The little Northern country gave America one of the closest battles it has ever had, virtually with a two-man team. A recapitulation shows that practically half the team's points were scored by Nurmi and Willie Ritola, an American running product, who established the Olympic "iron-man" record by competing on all eight days and breaking two records while racing a total of 42,000 meters, equivalent to the marathon distance.

The American relay teams showed astonishing speed in capturing both the 400 and 1,600-meter team events in the world's record time, while "Bud" Houser, the husky Californian, broke the Olympic record in winning the discus throw adding his name to those of Osborne, America, and Ritola, Finland, as the only double victors to share in a portion of Nurmi's glory.

Thrilling as were America's victories, Finland's triumph over Great Britain and the United States in the 3,000 meters team race, and the decisive capture of the 10,000 meter walk by Ugo Frigerio, the Italian star, who thus retained his Olympic title, won four years ago, chief interest centered in the marathon. This was manifested not only by the crowd of 25,000 in the stadium, which sent the band of fifty-eight runners off late in the afternoon and nearly three hours later acclaimed as the conquering hero the sturdy Finn, Stenroos, as he strode first through the portal, but also along the 26 miles of roadside, where probably 100,000 more saw the great struggle.

## WARREN PLANS LEAVING POST

United States Mexican Envoy Announces Intention to Resign.

Mexico City.—Charles B. Warren, the American Ambassador to Mexico, has issued a statement announcing his intention to resign from his post. He said: "I will leave July 22, resigning the ambassadorship after conferences with President Coolidge and Secretary of State Hughes. I leave knowing that the present relations between Mexico and the United States are friendly and cordial."

## BERLIN ANGRY AT FRENCH

Victory in Paris Parley Great Disappointment to Germans.

Berlin.—While experts and friendly spirits view the Herriot-MacDonald agreement with satisfaction, the German government, it is learned officially, is uneasy over Premier Herriot's apparent victory in the negotiations. Government officials express disappointment that the ultimate power is again in the Reparations Commission, in which France and Belgium hold the predominating influence.

## DR. G. S. BORINGER

Awarded Highest Distinction in American Pharmacy



Dr. George S. Boringer, of Camden, N. J., has been awarded the Remington-Hooper Medal, the highest distinction in American pharmacy, by the New York branch of the American Pharmaceutical Association.

PARIS ACCLAIMS  
U. S. GLOBE FLIERS

Mighty Shout of Frenzied Throng Given in Greeting—Heading for Home Now.

Paris.—The United States army fliers, who are circling the globe, swept over Paris and landed safely at Le Bourget, airdrome, nineteen days behind their original schedule, but with a gain of twelve days to their credit since they left Tokio.

The pilots of the three planes and their assistants were in fine health in spite of weeks of heavy strain, but they were tired, and almost overcome by the enthusiasm of their reception.

Six men in all, under command of Lieut. Lowell H. Smith, have come over the long air trail from the Pacific Coast of the American continent to their present resting place, a distance of nearly 18,000 miles, in something less than four months. They will not remain here long, but will proceed to London, and from there, flying by way of the Orkney Islands, Iceland and Greenland, Labrador and Quebec, will go speedily back to the homeland.

The Stars and Stripes floated in profusion beside the tricolor as far as the eye could see at Le Bourget, and squadrons of French airplanes were in readiness throughout the day to ascend and accompany the American aviators as soon as word came they were approaching Paris.

Lieutenants Smith, Leigh Wade and Eric Nelson, air pilots, with their mechanics, Lieut. Leslie P. Arnold, Serg. A. M. Ogden and Lieut. John Harding, Jr., set forth from Vienna early in the morning for Paris, upon which shining mark they had fixed an expectant eye, and a mighty shout went up from the airdrome, when with their French escort in perfect alignment they sailed over Le Bourget at 4:45 p. m., and continued onward to circle the Arc de Triomphe and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

LATEST EVENTS  
AT WASHINGTON

Secretary of Navy Wilbur Has 164 Deserters Write Reasons for Enlisting and Quitting.

Six of ten counts against Sinclair for contempt sustained by District of Columbia Supreme Court.

The situation in Brazil does not call for any action by the United States and no step is contemplated at this time.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas was expelled from the fashionable Chevy Chase Country Club as a result of a fight between him and Dr. James F. Mitchell, prominent surgeon, on the links.

Davis's Congress record on prohibition approved by dyes.

Pro-leagueurs open fire on Davis, demanding he declare flatly for Wilsonian policy.

Republican campaign machine almost ready to start big fight.

La Follette hopes to throw Presidential election into Congress, says Mark Sullivan.

La Follette forces to raise campaign fund by 50 cent and \$1 contributions.

President and Mrs. Coolidge take a week-end trip on presidential yacht Mayflower.

President Coolidge plunges into work as distraction from sorrow over son's death.

United States Treasury suspends sale of 4 1/2 per cent saving certificates and stamps.

Ten thousand telegrams of condolence reach President Coolidge from all parts of the world.

Through an exchange of diplomatic notes the United States and Nicaragua have accorded to each other unconditional most favored nation treatment with respect to customs duties and other commercial charges.

TREASURY STOPS  
SAVINGS STAMPS

Stop 4 1-2 Per Cent Financing When Call Loans Are Offered at 2 Per Cent.

CERTIFICATE SALES END

Policy to Continue Until Conditions Change—Thrift Bonds in Demand—Disparity in Rates Has Made Them Popular in New York Market.

Washington.—The Treasury has ordered suspended all sales of Treasury savings certificates and stamps. Acting Secretary Winston said the present money market did not warrant the Treasury paying 4 1/2 per cent interest on the savings securities when funds might be obtained at much lower interest.

Further sale of certificates will be held in abeyance until conditions have changed. Call money was quoted at 2 per cent in the New York market and Treasury officials recalled that the last issue of certificates of indebtedness was floated at a rate of 2 1/2 per cent. The savings certificates bear 4 1/2 per cent, compounded semi-annually for five years.

More than \$400,000,000 in Treasury certificates is now outstanding. The first sales—in the form of war savings stamps—were made in 1918, but those have been retired and each subsequent year has seen a new issue. Almost \$100,000,000 of the issue of 1924 has been sold.

Sale of the certificates was suspended in eighteen states last February 8, on account of financial conditions in some of the Northwestern sections. Objection then was raised to the Federal Government continuing to take money out of areas where banks were failing and conditions generally were regarded as poor.

Savings certificates have hitherto formed an important part of Treasury fiscal operations. Late in the war the idea of promoting nation-wide saving was worked out and the war savings certificates made their appearance. Through the sale of 26-cent stamps the Treasury, in 1918, obtained more than \$1,000,000,000, and this materially aided in financing the war. Later the savings certificates succeeded the saving stamps and they became an adjunct to the Treasury refunding operations, but their usefulness has steadily decreased as open money market rates have fallen.

New York.—Demand for Treasury certificates has been strong in New York as a result of the disparity in interest rates on this prime Government paper and rates obtainable in the open market for ordinary commercial paper loans. The institution of the plan to encourage thrift through the offering of Treasury certificates met with excellent results, according to reports received from all parts of the country. The placing of money in Government paper resulted in strong protests in some of the Western States, where banks reported that serious inroads were being made into their savings deposits, ordinarily paying 4 per cent interest, by reason of the Government savings plan, which some savings bankers described as competitive business.

WINGED DEATH ROCKET  
SPRAYS RED-HOT METAL

London.—A winged incendiary rocket, which the inventor, Ernest Welch, declares will spread a rain of molten metal over a wide area with devastating results, has been given preliminary tests with satisfactory results, according to persons who were present. Full Government tests are to be made shortly.

The British, French and American governments have displayed interest in the invention. It is declared, and a definite offer is reported to have been received from America. Mr. Welch asserts that the explosion of the rocket will destroy everything in its range, penetrating even steel and asbestos.

Children Enjoy  
Cuticura Baths

Because they are refreshing, especially if the skin is hot or irritated. Cuticura Talcum, dusted on the skin after the bath, is soothing and cooling for little ones. Ideal for every-day toilet purposes.

Send for Free Mail Address: "Cuticura Talcum," Dept. 12, P. O. Box 10, New York City. Enclose 2c. Outright 2c. and 5c. Talcum 5c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

## The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Interest at the rate of  
**4 1/2 Per cent**  
Per Annum

Deposits made on, or before Saturday, July 19, 1924, begin to draw interest on that date.

## THE REAL TEST

of a man's financial ability consists not so much in acquiring as in saving. Decide to save a part of each earned dollar—and deposit regularly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent, interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST  
COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS  
Manufacturing Confectioners232 1/2 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway  
NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY  
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETSAll Orders Promptly Filled  
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY  
Telephone ConnectionPARAGRAPHS FOR  
THE NEW ENGLANDERNews of General Interest  
From the Six States

Claiming that two barrels of elder seized in his cellar on a search warrant issued at request of Chief of Police Flanagan, was vinegar and not intoxicating, Benjamin Hittner, a storekeeper of Attleboro, Mass., pleaded not guilty to illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor. He was found guilty by Judge Hagerty and was fined \$100.

When 17-year-old Margaret Kane of South Boston began a dive from the tower on a float in South Boston, the second toe of her right foot caught in a crack in the platform and, as she was unable to check her plunge, the weight of her falling body ripped the toe off. She swam pluckily to the beach and was taken to a hospital.

The Sanford, Me., mills, manufacturing automobile upholstery, general upholstery and plush robes, posted notices that until further notice employment will be for three days a week in departments affecting 1500 of their 2000 employees. The mills have been running full time and overtime for more than two years.

Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, U. S. A., retired, commander of the Massachusetts department, American Legion, has issued a warning from his offices in the State House, against giving funds to the organization known as "The National Disabled Soldiers' League." "Don't give them a nickel," was the emphatic recommendation of Gen. Edwards. He had been told that the organization is flooding Boston with appeals for aid of the disabled service men.

Because she flatly refused to lend him money with which to pay a tailor's bill, John Paponis, 45, of Brookton, Mass., shot and seriously wounded his housekeeper, Miss Lena Calne, 38. Miss Calne has three bullet wounds, one of which is near the heart.

More than 100,000 bottles—empty ones—were carried away from police headquarters, Boston, in trucks the other day. The bottles piled up from the seizures by the liquor squads of the various stations, as well as the headquarters squad, and so littered up the place that it was decided to sell them to the highest bidder.

Ex-Congressman Richard Olney has presented to Capt. and Mrs. George L. Lyon of the Nobiska Point Light Station, at Woods Hole, Mass., the case which contained the gavel with which Senator Walsh of Montana has presided over the Democratic national convention at Madison Square Garden, N. Y.

## OLVANY NEW TAMMANY BOSS

General Sessions Judge is 48 and a Sage in Wigwam.

New York.—George W. Oivany, 48, now a Judge of General Sessions and for five years chairman of the Law Committee of Tammany Hall, was named to succeed the late Charles F. Murphy as leader. His selection was made by the Executive Committee on the recommendation of the steering committee, headed by Frank J. Goodwin, which has been in charge of Tammany.

## LOCUSTS INVADE TRANSVAAL

Wheat and Maize Crops Reported Destroyed by Pest.

Washington.—The northern part of the Transvaal provinces of South Africa has been again invaded by locusts, large swarms coming in from Bechuanaland, cables to the Department of Commerce from Johannesburg, state. Both the wheat and maize crops in this region have been destroyed, as well as grazing for stock. Smaller crops of maize and tobacco are forecast.

# ROMANTIC SALLY, ONE HE LOVED

By JANE OSBORN

It was after supper one fair June evening that Roberta James blithely announced to her family, assembled on the front veranda, that she was engaged to John Kellogg.

"So that's that," commented Brother Bert, looking with considerable admiration at his pretty sister, perched on the railing of the veranda. "Now, I suppose Pop will have to shell out for the trousseau."

"Pop" smiled soberly and said he was perfectly willing to do his part if Roberta was quite sure that she had chosen the man who would make her happy. Mrs. James uttered a dozen little half-sentences. "Well, I never—" "So it's Jack Kellogg, and all along I'd thought—" "If it's going to be a full wedding, I suppose—" "Every one seemed perfectly satisfied and quite merry over the situation—all except little cousin Sally, sitting in a great armchair, chair, gazing off dreamily at the rose-tinted western sky.

"I don't think you're a bit interested," Roberta pouted to her cousin. "And I was going to ask you to be maid of honor."

"Interested?" exclaimed Sally almost in a whisper, so low that only Roberta heard. "I was just so thrilled. I couldn't say anything. To think that you are really engaged! Oh, it is so romantic, so wonderful! I almost feel as if it were I. I never knew any one so very well who was engaged. Don't you feel all queer and as if you were floating on the clouds?" Sally's large dark eyes beamed with misty happiness, and as she spoke she interrupted herself with soft little giggles.

"You funny little romantic baby," said Roberta. "Of course I don't feel a bit different. I've been nearly engaged before. This is just the same thing, only this time there's the wedding and everything to plan."

"But to be in love—really and truly in love!" breathed Sally.

"You're positively mid-Victorian," Roberta assured her. "Girls now-a-days don't feel about love the way they did when grandmother was a girl."

But as the days passed Sally, who made her home with the Jameses, continued to be "mid-Victorian," if taking a romantic interest in the engagement of her cousin Roberta indicated such a state of mind. When she saw Jack Kellogg come into the garden or on the veranda where she and her cousin were sitting, she would always hurry away, fabricating some excuse about mums to make or a letter to write. While Mrs. James and Roberta made lists of the guests who would have to be asked to the wedding, and discussed relative merits of caterers and dressmakers, Sally thought only of the great and wonderful happiness that Roberta must be experiencing just to be engaged. She made little bouquets of wild flowers to leave on her cousin's bureau before she was going out with Jack, and timidly lent her volumes of poetry with slips of paper marking the most romantic love passages.

If Roberta seemed unappreciative of these sentimental acts on the part of her twenty-year-old cousin, Sally put it down to the preoccupation of being in love.

Roberta's birthday was approaching and while various members of the family were choosing for their gifts such useful things as tablecloths and kitchen utensils, Sally had plans quite different. She was putting herself in Roberta's place and had decided to give her what she herself would most value if she, and not Roberta, were engaged to Jack Kellogg.

To this end she went to the home of Mrs. Kellogg, Jack's mother.

"I'm getting together a little album for Roberta," she said. "I know she will prize it more than anything else I could get her. I've pressed flowers from the bouquets that Jack has sent her—took them when Roberta wasn't looking. When Jack didn't know it I took some snapshots of him. They came out beautifully. I found a dance order for a dance that Roberta and Jack went to just before they were engaged, with Jack's name down for half the dances. Roberta had thrown it away, but I fished it out of the rubbish. Now, what I want to get is some photographs of him when he was young. I'll have them reproduced and put them in the book—with any other little keepsake that you could spare."

Mrs. Kellogg listened attentively and as Sally finished her explanation the elder woman's eyes filled with tears. She brushed them away smiling.

"I couldn't help it, Sally dear," she said. "It seems so wonderful to think of someone loving Jack as much as Roberta must. I've always treasured all such little keepsakes of my boy, and I am so glad that the girl he is going to marry takes the same interest in him. Of course Roberta doesn't know you are getting up this book, does she?"

Of course Roberta didn't, assured Sally, and it would come as a wonderful surprise. Out of her treasure box Mrs. Kellogg brought a dozen or so pictures. One showed Jack as a curly-haired, round-faced baby. Another was a snapshot of Jack at eight, a

funny little boy with a tooth or so missing from his smiling visage. After some hesitation Mrs. Kellogg parted with a pack of Jack's baby hair. Two or three little colored sketches, made by Jack in kindergartens. There were other keepsakes that no one would have treasured but Jack's mother and the woman who loved him best.

Sally's face beamed with happiness and gratitude. Then as she was about to go Mrs. Kellogg stopped her. "You may take these things," she said, "and you may put them in your little book and give them to Roberta on condition—that if their engagement should be broken I could have all these things back again. You promise?"

Sally's pretty smiles vanished. "You don't think," she queried, "that Jack would—? Oh, Mrs. Kellogg, I'd never thought that anything like that could happen."

Mrs. Kellogg might have made some explanation had it not been for Jack's entrance into the room at that moment. Blushing, Sally hid her treasures under the cover of a magazine lying on a stand beside her.

"What's up?" asked Jack, sinking into the shelter of a low armchair beside his mother. "You look as guilty as a couple of thieves." And Sally, you deliberately tucked something in that magazine to hide it, as I opened the door—and now you are blushing to show me that there's a mystery in the air."

"You'll know all about it some day," laughed Sally. "Ask Roberta on her birthday."

"I'm not at all, sure, I shall see Roberta on her birthday," said Jack, now looking knowingly at his mother. "The fact is that Roberta isn't quite so much interested in me now as she was a few weeks ago. You see—"

"Jack," warned his mother, "are you sure you ought to talk about it now? You and Roberta will doubtless come to an understanding. You are still engaged."

"Not in the least," corrected Jack, looking up quite innocently, first at his mother and then at Sally. Sally laid a hand quickly upon the magazine, that hid her little treasures and then in spite of an effort at self-control the tears came into her eyes and she covered them with her other hand to hide her confusion.

"How dreadful for Roberta," she said.

Jack Kellogg was not long in explaining that Roberta herself was responsible for the situation, although he agreed with her that their engagement had hardly been a success. Sally listened in amazement, and then, rising to go, she placed the little packet of treasures in Mrs. Kellogg's hands.

"I'll take them back," said Jack's mother tenderly. "But perhaps some day you will want them again. It seems somehow as if you ought to have them."

Sally went sorrowfully home. The air castle she had been building around Roberta and Jack had fallen to the ground like a house of cards. Then she began to wonder what Mrs. Kellogg had meant about the keepsakes. In her room she looked long and tenderly at the snapshots she had slyly taken of Jack Kellogg.

One day a few weeks later—after Roberta had announced her engagement to an old flame, Frank Demming—Jack Kellogg called on Sally.

"Mother told me about your asking for the keepsakes," he told her. "I know that you were interested in them only because of Roberta. Roberta wouldn't have given a snap of her finger for that little book of yours even if we had stayed engaged. But you thought she would. And I've been thinking about you all the time. I've been finding out that it was you, Sally, and not Roberta, that I have wanted all along."

"I'm afraid you think I'm dreadfully romantic," said Sally. "Roberta always says I am."

"Of course you are," laughed Jack. "That's what makes you so adorable."

So Sally had a chance to finish the book of keepsakes for herself.

## Phases of Habit That Prove Hard to Break

Among those present is Rear Admiral Niblack, U. S. N., recently retired. After more than forty years of service in the navy, one of his first acts is to buy himself a ticket for a nice long ride on a steamship. It's an old story in the back driver jogging around town in a hack of a friend who is working. A New York theater manager had his father, a Westerner, come on for a visit and took him to a frolic at the Lambs' club. At the first intermission the old gentleman said:

"You say these men on the stage and in the audience are all professional actors and theater men?"

"That's right."

"And this is the one day in the week they have off?"

"Right again. Sunday is their only free day."

"And they get up, shows and rehearse and put them on while the others sit out in the audience?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Now I know they're crazy! Let me out of here. I want to more of them. Suppose the Telegraph Line-men's union had a holiday; would they all put on their climbers and start to stringing wire all over the country? Would the Sewer Diggers' Benevolent association at its annual outing load up with picks and shovels and start running ditches all over the picnic grove? Young man, you're in a crazy business with crazy people and you'll come to no good. I'm going home tomorrow."

But sailors, when they have shore leave do like rowboats. The Nation's Business.

## WOMAN'S DREAD OF ADVANCING YEARS

Pathetic, Sometimes, Are  
Efforts to Conceal Age.

I have yet to meet a sincere woman who will own to me that the prospect of old age has no terrors for her, writes the Hon. Mrs. John Fortescue in the London Mail. Some women dread the inevitable loss of beauty and its attendant power; others the decrease of vitality and desire for enjoyment; while the unselfish woman fears only to become a burden upon those she loves.

But the woman who tries with transparent artifice to deceive herself and the world as to her age is to my mind the most pitiful figure in the universe. We have all seen her—the absurd though pathetic doll woman who wears in the summer youthful hats of lace with cherries bobbing over one eye or ear, and little, short, sleeveless chemises; frocks more suitable for her daughter of nineteen. Often she will carry a miniature parasol or be leading a toy Pomeranian dog with a large, pale blue ribbon bow on his collar.

By her side occasionally walks her youngest daughter, a miserably self-conscious, gawky child of twelve or thirteen years, dressed to look as though she were still in the nursery. The poor child is made the victim of her mother's vanity in the hope of deluding the beholder into the belief that both she and her mother are younger than they are.

The effort of some mothers to appear younger than they are is sometimes due to quite a laudable motive. They think that by accompanying their daughters around and joining actively in the round of gayety and entertainments they will retain their influence over their children and share their confidence. Personally, I think this is a mistaken idea. It is the look-on, not the player, who sees most of the game and whose judgment is therefore of far greater value.

In the professional world, of course, it becomes absolutely necessary for both men and women to appear as young as they possibly can. For engagements of all kinds are given in preference to youth. A curious and pathetic fact illustrates this. The immediate result of the passing of the employers' liability act was that the supply of cheap hair dye in England ran out. Until the insurance companies issued policies covering all risks to employees no employer would engage any but youthful applicants; and therefore it became necessary for all applicants to appear youthful.

But how beautiful it is to watch a woman of leisure growing old gracefully. Some there are whose spirit is so brave and joyous, whose capacity for entering into the happiness and interests of those around them—particularly of the younger generation—is so great that they seem to capture the youth as well as the love and confidence of the young people with whom they come in contact. And then what matter white hairs, a vague figure, and a few wrinkles if the eyes are bright and laughing, the mind alert and the heart full of joy, sympathy and contentment.

## Takes Messages on Fly

The British air service in Mesopotamia has perfected a scheme for delivering written messages to planes without the necessity of their landing and stopping to pick up the documents.

A line is stretched between two poles about 6 feet high and perhaps 20 feet apart. To this line the message is tied. By spreading large pieces of cloth on the ground in a prearranged pattern the pilot of the aircraft is signaled that there is a message for him; the arrangement of the cloth also indicates in what direction he must fly to cross the line between the poles at right angles. If more than one plane is up, the cloth again tells which plane is to receive the message.

The selected plane swoops low over the poles, and the pilot dangles a line to the end of which is attached a hook. This engages the line to which the message is tied, and line, message and all are dragged into the air. The pilot reels in his catch as the plane speeds away. If the message is to be delivered the plane simply dives to the point of delivery and drops the message.

The pilots have become very expert at picking up and dropping messages in this fashion.

## Exit the Man

Despite the fact that leap year is well under way and eligible women should be looking about for prospective matches, a clerk in the Juvenile court the other day flatly turned down an offer for a husband.

A woman who comes in regularly to collect alimony, and who is slightly deaf, recently asked: "Why don't you get married?" When informed that it was the lack of a man she said that she would obtain one. A few days ago she returned and announced: "Well, I've got you a man."

The man, who was anxiously waiting out in the corridor, departed hastily, however, when the clerk exclaimed, "I don't want him."—Indianapolis News.

## Her Idea of Mother

Emily Ann, age four, and her sister, scarcely two years her senior, were playing in the front room.

"Now, Emily," chided Jean, "don't get against that fern any more. You'll make it turn brown and it will die."

Emily looked at her sister with disgust and scornfully said, "Aw, you're not my mother."

## Class Link Between Civilization and "Ads"

The entire disappearance of advertising and selling would ultimately result in turning these United States back to the social and economic condition of England in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

All advertisers and all critics of advertising want to read Eraser's Eino Celcius' defense of advertising in the Century. In the Century Winifred Kirkland, as Smith Jones in 1874, described a marvelous world from which all traces of advertising had mysteriously disappeared fifty years ago. In her whimsical article she presented a trenchant indictment of advertising.

Mr. Celcius picks up the thread of her story and presents a sound defense of advertising, proving conclusively that our very civilization rests upon advertising and selling. Writing thirty years after Smith Jones' death, Mr. Celcius describes the gradual retrogression and final breakdown of our civilization after the effects of advertising had entirely disappeared.

For a time the public enjoyed the benefits of advertising without the drawbacks. The flow of goods to and from the stores was like some mighty machine which, once started, ran for a while with its own momentum even after the power had been withdrawn.

Students of business and other trained observers were nevertheless aware that the machine was running down. Every now and then a retail store went out of business and no new one took its place.

The same thing that was going on in full view of the public, as it were, in the affairs of the retail stores, was happening behind the scenes to the manufacturers; but, though less evident to the spectators, it was more serious and farther-reaching in its effects. The manufacturers confronted the same problem as the retailers—the difficulty of doing business in the face of shrinking markets and rising costs.

The shrinking markets were the cause of the "hiring freeze." The fewer the people who bought an article the more it cost to make that article and the more it cost to sell it. The higher prices in turn still further reduced the number of purchasers, and thus necessities were fast becoming luxuries, while luxuries were becoming extinct.

## Forced to Revise Opinion

Rarely have the holders of a well-established theory or belief shown the readiness to abandon it that is displayed by our anthropologists as a result of the discovery of a few human bones out in California. That man was a late comer on this continent long has passed, if not exactly proved, at least as so probable as to amount to certainty. Now that opinion must be revised—it must be, that is, if further investigation does not demonstrate that the bones are less old than their under deduced from the age of the stratum in which they were found.

And evidently it is not thought by those with a right to judge that a mistake has been made.

An consolation for having been convicted of making a hasty judgment, the archeologists are saying, in effect, "Well, now we can understand what we couldn't before—why the men hitherto taken to have been the first Americans were so far advanced in civilization."

After all, to have lived in the last of the geologic ages before the very last one doesn't take man so very far back in world history, and if these new, oldest inhabitants of California have skulls very much like our own, as is reported, their claim to priority is not very good, for they must have had a lot of very human ancestors.—New York Times.

## Man's Face Changing

According to Sir Arthur Keith, noted British scientist, changes in man are now taking place more rapidly than at any other period in his history, says the Pathfinder. The time is not yet ripe, however, for the production of "supermen," he says.

He is convinced that certain characteristics appearing in a large proportion of modern humans are of recent origin. The most marked changes, he finds, are in the bone under the gums in which the teeth are rooted—the most plastic bone in the body.

In 30 per cent of the people this bone, instead of spearing outward as in prehistoric races, tends to grow in a vertical direction, producing a narrow, high-arched palate. This leaves insufficient room for the normal number of teeth and such as appear are crowded, the wisdom teeth often failing to come through. These changes in the mouth give undue prominence to the nose and chin and tend to make faces long and narrow.

## Waiting for Sunshine

Albert H. Losche, county clerk, not only prides himself on the help in his office, but even says that his janitors have a sense of humor hard to beat.

Recently one of the deputy clerks printed the following on one of the smoke-besmeared windows in the clerk's office, "Please wash me." The next day the following inscription was scrawled under it in faltering, weary strokes, "Wait till the sun shines, Nellie."—Indianapolis News.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
Always bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

## MAGIC TRICKS MADE EASY BY WHITTIER

Clever Entertainer With  
Punch and Judy.

Philadelphia.—Have you ever wondered who makes the Punch and Judy figures you see on the stage? Did you ever stop to think of the man who makes the magician's trick box, his false bottom trunk, or the plug hat out of which he pulls a plant in full bloom? If you took the trouble to investigate these things, you would find that the trail of many a magician's success leads to the home of Mr. Hackman on West Queen Lane, Philadelphia. If you should pursue the matter still further, you would get the story of this man who has developed his hobby into a profitable business.

Mr. Hackman's vocation is prosaic enough. He is the building superintendent of the Spring Garden station and office building of the Reading system. When he is not railroad-ing, however, he is pursuing his avocation of making Punch and Judy figures and other magician's devices. Though his avocation is paying him handsome dividends, he refuses to consider it a business, and always refers to it as his hobby.

Spent Hours Whittling.

Like most other boys, Mr. Hackman spent many hours whittling in his childhood home in Carlisle, Pa. Especially favorable opportunities were presented for the development of this bent, as his father was a wagon-maker and his son had access to his woodworking plant. Before he ventured to work with a jackknife and a piece of wood, Mr. Hackman entered the field of manufacturing Punch and Judy figures by experimenting on his mother's sewing machine and stuffing his rag creations with sawdust. Then he tried carving the figures out of wood. He worked at it only spasmodically, however, and up to the time when he moved his family to Philadelphia in 1900 he had only a few figures on hand.

About this time the attention of several ventriloquists was attracted to his work. Having had great difficulty in obtaining satisfactory figures from any other source, they asked the erstwhile boy-whittler to make several sets for them. He undertook the work, delivering the figures, and ever since has been turning them out for ventriloquists in all parts of the country. One thing led to another and soon he had added a long list of magicians' devices to his output.

Just about everything used in the way of stage deception is included in Mr. Hackman's manufacturing repertoire. Punch and Judy figures play a prominent part. He cuts them out of wood—eyes, ears, nose and mouth and all. Then he walks across his second-story backroom to a cabinet filled with every color and shade of paint. Here they get their resplendent colors and are then turned over to Mr. Hackman's silent partner—Mrs. Hackman—who fits them out with clothing.

Entertains Kids.

While Mr. Hackman has always made a specialty of Punch and Judy figures, you will find in his collection a devil with moving jaw and flashing and smoke-emitting eyes, an anarchist with flaming red hair, a humpback, an assortment of colored babies, singing birds, a man-eating whale and a painting, wheeling alligator. In a cabinet on the other side of this second-story backroom is a collection of plug hats, dice, false-bottom boxes, magical flowers and trick watches.

He presents no mean figure on the stage with his floating voice and his box of tricks. He can make a daffodil grow in a man's vestpocket, pull live rabbits out of his ear and make his watch sing like an oriole. He can pick money out of the air, play a banjo where there is none and pull the American flag from under his thumbnail.

Most of Mr. Hackman's exhibitions—and he has given several hundred of them—have been for the benefit of children living in his neighborhood. Every week he announces the day and time of a party and the children from all the nearby streets flock to see the show.

To Live on Ship.

London.—Because of lack of accommodations during what is known as the social season here, a party of 500 Gothenburg students have chartered a ship in which they will live while visiting England. The vessel is to anchor in the Thames.

## Children's Dog Is Located by Radio

New York.—Lillian Leary, eight, and her brother, John, nine, are happy again because Buster, the curly-haired French poodle, is home with them again. A few days ago they tramped four miles looking for him, then induced the Jamaica police to send an alarm by radio. Thomas Daniel, ten, telephoned the children's mother he had the dog.

Lillian, with her penny bank containing \$5.20, and John, with two bars of chocolate, accompanied their mother to the Daniel home. Lillian thrust her bank into the finder's hand, and John handed him the chocolate.

## AMERICAN JAZZ HAS CAUGHT ON IN CHINA

Means Important Trade Development With U. S.

Washington.—Chinese who have been educated in the United States have introduced American jazz music in the Far East, where it is becoming increasingly popular. This is shown in official dispatches from Consul Leroy Webber at Hongkong and Trade Commissioner O. C. Howard at Shanghai.

Because Chinese music differs so radically from that of western people, the developing craze for jazz band music and symphony orchestras means an important trade development, with the United States second only to Germany in supplying the demand for instruments.

Reports from Mr. Howard show that Shanghai has a symphony orchestra of about fifty pieces, playing Sunday afternoon during winter months in the town hall and at parks several evenings a week during the summer. A brass band of twenty to twenty-five pieces also plays in a park during the summer.

There are some dozen dance orchestras of five to ten pieces using the instruments common in America.

In the case of the symphony, instruments are owned by the musicians. It is a volunteer organization made up of various nationalities. Only a small charge is made for admission to winter recitals, while summer recitals are free.

In dance orchestras the instruments, with the exception of the pianos, are individually owned, and in most cases brought to Shanghai by the owners.

A few colleges have bands, and there is some demand for instruments from various military organizations.

There is a good demand for sheet music in Hongkong, and dealers report improvement in this line during the last few years.

It is estimated that 30 per cent represented dance music and popular songs and the remainder classical, semiclassical and band music.

Imports from the United States have consisted chiefly of dance music and popular songs, while most of the classical music was obtained from continental Europe.

## Dig Dinosaur's Bones

From Rock in Museum

Washington.—Charles W. Gilmore, curator of vertebrate paleontology at the Smithsonian Institution, has begun excavating from solid rock the skeleton of an enormous dinosaur which he presented to the institution last autumn. More than five years will be required, Mr. Gilmore estimates, to place the skeleton in such condition that it will be ready for exhibition in the national museum.

The skeleton, which is the largest specimen ever brought to the Smithsonian, measures 80 feet in length and 14 feet in height. To bring the bones to Washington from their original resting ground in the dinosaur national reservation, near Jensen, Utah, required the exertions of a large number of men. The bones and rock in which they are imbedded weigh 50,000 pounds. At one stage of the journey, the excavators were forced to transport them 150 miles by automobile.

Three men, working eight hours a day for four months, Mr. Gilmore said, will only be able to dislodge three of the dorsal vertebrae of the reptile. Some sections are already being arranged by workmen, but 34 packing cases containing more than 80 vertebrae are still lying unopened in the basement of the museum.

Norman H. Ross, preparator in fossil vertebrates, is assisting Mr. Gilmore to reconstruct the skeleton.

## Famous Stone of the Csars Out of "Hock"

Nice, France.—The famous 43-carat sapphire blue diamond once belonging to Emperor Nicholas of Russia, has been taken out of the municipal pawnshop here, where it has been held for three years as security for a loan of 200,000 francs borrowed by Mme. Suzanne Thullier, to whom Nicholas is said to have given it.

Mlle. Thullier came to France from Russia with nothing but the stone and once she had pawned it she was unable to get it out because creditors with claims aggregating 2,600,000 francs thought the diamond was safer in the pawnshop.

Finally a Nice Jeweler financed Mlle. Thullier and she took out the stone, for which she is said to have just refused 10,000,000 francs. The stone is declared by jewelers to have come from a Buddha in a Hindu temple a thousand years ago.

## Great Flagons of Milk

Quench America's Thirst

Washington.—Americans are consuming more milk than ever before, the Department of Agriculture has announced, saying that the household consumption of milk was 212 quarts per person last year, compared with 200 quarts in 1922. Consumption of butter was 17 pounds per capita, compared with 15½ of cheese, 3.9 pounds, compared with 3.74 of condensed and evaporated milk, 13.2 pounds, compared with 12.09, and of ice cream, 2.96 gallons, compared with 2.43 gallons.

Milk production was 7,000,000,000 pounds more last year than in 1922, the total output having been 109,736,002,000 pounds.



**Charles M. Cole,**  
**PHARMACIST,**  
302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

### WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the Water Department, 100 State Street, Newport, R. I.

### The Reel

We gathered in an ancient house, the folks far and near,  
To dance in rooms untenanted for many a lonely year.  
And when the hour of midnight struck, paused not for bite or sup,  
But bade the fiddler play a reel to wind the reels up.

As faster, o'er the middle strings old Anson drew the bow,  
And up and down the dusty boards our feet went to and fro,  
A faint perfume of lavender around us seemed to steal,  
We sensed a presence from the past, come out to join the reel.

The candles flared along the wall, and from the shadows grew  
A gleam of powder and of pearls, a gown brooded blue;  
The door upon its hinges swung, our very hearts stood still,  
For lo! a misty martial form came gliding o'er the sill—  
A gallant youth in sword and sash and spurs, arrayed,  
Who slipped in answer to the tune beside the blue brocade.

Was that the lap of little heels, the clank of rusty steel,  
The rustle of a silken skirt, as Anson played the reel?  
Still dancing down the room they went, and through the portal wide,  
The ring of flying hoofs arose and in the distance died.  
As when he clasped her waist of yore and swung her to his side,  
And sped to where the parson stayed, the marriage lines to read,  
We saw the withered Grimmon rose that nestled at her throat;  
We saw a tarnished cord of gold that once adorned his coat,  
The tokens of an old romance of lovers, brave and true,  
Who once within the ancient house had gayly danced the reel.

—Minna Irving in Kansas City Star

### Tennis Ball Too Much for Hippo's Digestion

"Zeekoe," a big hippopotamus at the Cincinnati zoo, has a skin that will turn a bullet, but the animal was recently killed by a tennis ball. The animal had acquired the habit of opening its mouth for the reception of peanuts and like dainties buried through the bars of his cage and some time ago some thoughtless person took a shot at the cavernous opening with a tennis ball.

The animal swallowed it easily, but the ball interfered with the operation of its stomach and for four days it suffered intense agonies and finally died, says the Providence Journal. The attendants of the institution were at a loss in trying to treat the animal for lack of information as to what ailed it. The nature of "Zeekoe's" complaint was not definitely known until revealed by the post-mortem examination.

### GO TELL THE HEN



Hubby—You'll never keep your eggs fresh unless you lay 'em with the small end down!  
Wife (out of sorts)—Well, don't talk to me about it—go tell the hen!

A clever way of combining the season's penchant for lace, fur and flat crepe has been devised. The bodice of an afternoon frock lately designed is of the flat crepe. The skirt is of lace, dyed to match and edged with summer ermine.

### Find Ailanthus Tree Makes Splendid Pulp

Madison, Wis.—Officials of the United States forest products laboratory here announce discovery of what is declared to be an excellent and valuable pulp wood from the ailanthus tree, otherwise known as the "tree of heaven." A half-cord of ailanthus wood was sent to the laboratory from the Pennsylvania state department of forestry for experimental purposes. Officials declare it developed into a high-grade of book paper.

## In Fine Fabrics, Charming Colors

### French Designers Have Provided Wonderful Array of Wearables.

It is doubly interesting, sometimes amusing, often instructive, to observe the Parisian interpretation of American taste in dress as it is illustrated in the French models designed to intrigue the fancy of women of fashion on this side of the ocean, says a fashion writer in the New York Times. Anything bearing the stamp of a Paris designer is no longer guarantee of its acceptance here, and styles are obviously modified or especially built to please a larger audience than a French one.

Sometimes the result is fantastic, sometimes otherwise and some strange ideas are expressed in the creations that emanate from Parisian ateliers, to live for a day, a season, or longer. Fortunately, the accepted authorities differ sufficiently in individual expression to present many different modes, and it is quite simple to find among them one's own type or something of which to create a style of one's own.

One couturiere employs plaiting, so successfully as to give it a vogue. Another lends distinction to the severest straight plain silhouette, already accepted, by illustrating in it the most beautiful materials. Some one else, as Mme. Vionnet keeps to the simple graceful draperies for which she is known; or, as Callot, makes a feature of a scarf or a sweeping train.

This season has brought out some of the most engaging styles seen in many years, models of beauty and artistic value, in fine fabrics and charming colors. Extremes and extravagances have been avoided. More emphasis has been given to lines and ensemble and to considerations of suitability by such houses as Dracoll, who cleverly demonstrates the possibilities of the circular dounce; Lanvin, who is translating quaint fashions of the Eighties; Premler, whose straight simple outing frocks are one of the outstanding successes of the day; and Louise Boulanger, who lengthens her lines and drapes with consummate grace her evening gowns of metal lace and chiffons.

Each of these and the others well known to women of fashion have some mark by which their models are known—a collar, a belt, a garniture, or other detail. Occasionally one shows an originality very chic, as for example, the little red seals with which Yvett—this gifted Russian woman, of noble ancestry who employs her talents in dress design—points up some of her simpler daytime frocks.

Accessories Are Important. Accessories of costume are of the greatest importance this season. Plainest of nondescript gowns will serve to illustrate the charm of the scarf that is just now having a vogue and is shown in an incredible variety. Scarfs of every color and shade and every combination of colors under the sun, and in all the possible materials, constitute one of the most important sections of every shop, large or small.

There are scarfs of woven jersey, with one side in "cloud" blocks or stripes, and the other a plain color, repeating one of those in the pattern. These, some quite heavy, replace the angora and the knitted wool mufflers.



Two-Piece Summer Suit is of Almond Green Flannel.

of the earlier season. Gossamer weight scarfs are woven or knitted of pretty colors, in plaids, checks, stripes, mixtures of any of the new colors that have been brought out in the latest things.

These light downy scarfs, and those of soft silk and crepe, especially the new romantically named Molly-O crepe, are for utility as well as for the dressy effect they give. They are worn with one-piece gowns, with the tailors, with morning or afternoon dress and for motoring.

Many of the French frocks of voile, foulard, crepe, or whatever, have scarfs

attached, usually of a plain color, faced with the material of the dress itself, and forming a part of the costume. Some strikingly gay scarfs of silk are formed of two or three colors sewn in stripes, one, for example, being of white, scarlet and black, one strip of each forming an 18-inch-wide scarf suggestive of the race and other sports events.

They are quite fetching with the white flannel suits that are so smart, now, and will add snap to any plain-colored suit. They are best, however, with all-white or black.

Needlework and designs from many countries are used in the latest scarfs. Those in the lighter fabrics are particularly ornate. The art of Spanish, Hungarian, Ukrainian, Czech-



Pale Blue Flannel Sports Coat, With White Flannel Skirt.

lovak and other peoples is seen on these ornamental scarfs, but the most effective, and that which appears to have the most popular appeal, is the Russian.

The peasant embroideries and cross-stitch which are seen in gowns and blouses are used less on scarfs than the painted and printed patterns. These are the work of artists of the highest order, some of them persons of distinction in their own country, whose change in condition has brought their work into the market of up-to-date dress.

Among the evening scarfs are misty tulle, bordered with ostrich, and chiffons embroidered in gold and silver thread or the finest drosses. This fairy-like combination of tulle and feathers or fur is very popular.

Russian Designs Are Liked. The feeling for Russian design and color, which is increasing steadily, is delightfully expressed in the blouses and tunics that are now fashionable. For activities in the open, and for all informal occasions, the overblouse is indispensable. A separate skirt, plaited or plain, with an overblouse done in Russian cross-stitch or embroidery, is the ultra-smart outfit for sports wear, and is even more popular, particularly in the flannel, jersey and other sports material, than the comfortable one-piece or coat dress.

It is acknowledged to be a white season, and the best shops are offering quantities of stylish skirts in white kasha cloth, flannel roshanara, flat crepe or knit goods, to be worn with the new smart, long-waisted overblouses. These were never more attractive than they are now, and the models are of every possible type.

There are tailored blouses, almost like the old middie—a slip-on, with open neck, wide collar and short sleeves. Usually a small pocket on the left side and a cravat tie are embroidered with the monogram or some other motif. Some smartly gowned women have their crests embroidered in color on their white tailored overblouses, or on those of any plain color.

Overblouses of the "dressier sort" are ornate affairs. The colors in which they are shown are enchanting. There is a craze for powder blue, and many beautiful models are embroidered in a delicate tracery with gilt or silver, and some in a darker shade of blue, which is a strikingly smart combination.

A good bit of Persian, Turkish, Armenian needlework is seen on these blouses in metal threads and of fine pattern. One model shown by an importer of Parisian novelties is knee-length, of French blue, and on it is a deep V-shaped yoke in a soft shade of rose. This, and the round neck and sleeves are trimmed with a narrow border of gilt embroidery. The narrow strap belt is fastened with a gilt clasp. It is an overblouse that will add distinction to any costume.

A few smocked overblouses in crepe and georgette are shown in pretty shades and are very much liked, especially by the younger women. A variant is the waistcoat-shaped blouse, a sweetly pretty thing in pale blue rose, yellow, lavender or green or gaudy. Nothing could be daintier, with a skirt of white crepe or pongee.

## Culling Poultry Big Money Saver

### Fowls Should Have Plenty of Mash and Green Feed and Be Vermin Free.

Although the poultryman should do some culling every month in the year, if he can make but one culling, the time to make it is the first of September, says the Cornell poultrymen who give some practical culling rules. They declare that culling out the poor producers from the flock is the easiest and the quickest way to save money.

During the culling season, the hens must have plenty of mash and green food and be free from mites; otherwise good layers may show all the signs of non-layers. It is also well to keep in mind that changes of feed, buildings, weather, and the like may bring about the appearance of non-laying conditions. Broody hens also have this appearance.

#### Signs of Good Producers.

Hens that have laid long and heavily have a different appearance from those that have not. These differences are in physical appearance and actions. The heavy producing bird is a worker, a good feeder, intelligent, elusive but not flighty, keen of eye, a good runner, late to bed, early to rise. The low producer is indolent, flighty and an indifferent eater, with little activity.

In all yellow-skinned breeds like the Leghorns, Rocks, Reds, Wyandottes, Brahmas, and the like, it is possible to tell by the color of certain sections of the body whether the hens are laying or not. A heavy layer is flesh color, or white, in the beak, eye ring, ear lobe, vent and shanks, while a non-layer is distinctly yellow. A sick hen shows while in all sections and must not be confused with a layer. Also some breeds have a white skin, naturally, and in these breeds there are no color changes.

There are changes in form as well. A laying hen has a large abdomen and the rear end of the keel is much deeper than the front. She also has well spread pelvic bones, full moist vent, soft flabby skin, broad flat back, while in a non-layer the abdomen is small, the vent dry and puckered, the skin thick and dry, and the back short, narrow and arched.

#### Hens Molt in July.

A molting hen usually stops laying, but in some of the heavier breeds they will molt to some extent and still lay. Leghorns usually stop laying when they begin to molt. Molting during the summer is one of the best ways to distinguish the non-layer from the layers. A good layer, well managed, will not begin to molt until October 1 or later. Hens that have been well cared for and are in full molt by the middle of July are not worth keeping.

The eyeballs of the laying hen can easily be seen when viewed from the rear, the comb is bright red and full, the beak short and curved, the face full and of fine texture. Non-layers have dull, embedded eyes, long straight beaks, hard shriveled combs and fat faces.

### Excellent Qualities of Texas Honey Ball Melon

A new type of melon, called the Texas Honey Ball, which is a cross between the Texas Cannon Ball cantaloupe and the California Honey Dew melon, will be found in the markets this year, reports the United States Department of Agriculture. The melon is almost perfectly round in shape and averages about five inches in diameter.

Approximately 2,500 acres of the melons have been planted in Texas, the department says, which should produce, under favorable conditions, around 1,250 carloads. Only 65 acres of the melons were planted last year, largely for experimental purposes.

The meat of the new honey melon is similar in texture to that of the Honey Dew, 1½ inches thick, and is covered by a smooth, thin rind, fairly well netted. The chief merits of the melon are its shipping qualities and flavor. Shipments can be made without refrigeration to any section of the United States requiring ten days to two weeks' time. The melon is not susceptible to damage from bruises caused by ordinary handling.

### Save Small Grain Seed for Planting This Fall

That farmers will do well to plan for the acreage which they expect to plant in small grain this fall and to secure good planting seed for the fall, is a suggestion from the agronomists of Clemson college.

Good seed oats are very scarce this season, and should be carefully saved by farmers who have them. They will bring a good price this fall, if properly stored and kept so that they will be free from injury by rats, mice and weevils.

It is very difficult to prevent damage to small grain during summer months. It is important to have some place, either a granary or a barrel, where planting seed may be fumigated.

### Continuous Garden

A "continuous" garden is possible for many months of the year if replanting is done. Why should all of the lettuce or beans be planted at one time? Why not utilize the space left after the young onions are pulled, by planting late cabbage?

## Decline in Prices of Dairy Cattle

### Pure Bred Aged Bulls Bring More at Private Sale.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Average sale prices of pure bred dairy cattle for the year ending December 31, 1923, ranged from \$183 for bulls under one year to \$268 for bulls over three years of age, according to reports submitted by breeders to the United States Department of Agriculture. The breeds included were: Ayrshire, Guernsey, Holstein, Jersey, and Brown Swiss. More than twice as many animals were disposed of at private sale as were sold at auction. Auction prices, however, averaged from \$25 to \$50 per head higher than those realized in private sales. Aged bulls were an exception, such animals bringing more in private sales than at auction.

The following comparison by ages shows that prices in 1923 were somewhat lower than in 1922:

	1922	1923
Bulls under one year of age	\$183	\$183
Bulls over one year and under three years of age	\$211	\$204
Bulls over three years of age	\$268	\$264
Cows under one year of age	\$181	\$175
Cows over one year and under three years of age	\$211	\$204
Cows over three years of age	\$268	\$264

The top bull and cow each brought \$7,600. The number of animals represented were: Cows, under one year, 4,845; bulls, over one year and under three, 947; bulls over three years, 160; heifers and cows over one year and under three, 2,470; and cows over three years of age, 2,977.

### Make Good Silage From Different Legume Crops

Some farmers have reported excellent results in making silage from alfalfa, clover, and other legumes, while others report that their legume silage was so poor the cows would not eat it.

The great extremes in the results reported as to the palatability of legume silage led Professor Eckles to investigate this question. He found that the difference in quality was apparently due to the amount of water in these legumes when ensiled. For two years they had made good alfalfa silage at the Missouri station, but the next two years the silage was practically worthless. In going over this experience, it was noted that the first two years were dry years and the analysis of the alfalfa when ensiled showed a high percentage of dry matter. The next two years were wet years and the analysis of those years showed that the dry matter content was considerably less at the time the green alfalfa was ensiled. Further investigations showed that if alfalfa were made into silage when green and succulent, as it is at the usual time of making hay, it contains about 20 pounds of dry matter to the hundred, and, under these conditions, would not make good silage. If it were drier and more mature and contained approximately 40 pounds of dry matter to the hundred, then it makes good silage.

### Clover Is Helpful

The growing of clover in a three-year rotation, especially if the second crop of clover is plowed under, would keep many soils in splendid condition for a long term of years, although many other soils would be benefited by a dressing of one to two tons of limestone per acre once to each rotation period and also by the addition of acid phosphate for one of the crops in each rotation. The plowing under of the second crop will add considerable nitrogen.

## FARM NOTES

Spring tomatoes and melons with Bordeaux mixture to prevent disease.

Make sure to plant enough hay crops to supply hay for next year.

As small grain matures, look out for chinch bugs and use barriers if needed to prevent migration.

Persons desiring to start into the growing of alfalfa for seed should secure the most hardy strains of seed.

Excellent results are being secured with alfalfa seeded on rye and wheat provided the ground is fairly fertile and not in need of lime.

Cowpea hay contains 2.6 per cent more digestible protein than soy bean hay, but soy bean hay contains a larger total amount of nutrients.

Looking over the tile drain outlets in drainage districts and clearing out those that need it is a good spring or early summer job that may save money later.

Sometimes alfalfa grows so rank that it lodges and becomes very coarse if left to reach full bloom. Here earlier cutting is essential, but with the first crop of one-year-old stands or the second growth of older seedlings, the stems are generally much finer and tender and can be cut in or near full bloom without serious impairment of quality.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## The Scrap Book

### Clever Trick of Fox That Fooled Hounds

A reader sends us this account of a bit of strategy on the part of a fox that he saw when he was a boy in Fayette county, Pennsylvania: "One summer day father and mother and I hitched up the horses and took a ride down to a neighbor. After dinner I walked to the sugar camp and, as the day was bright and warm, I lay down under a tree on the hillside. I was very quiet; the ground squirrels were playing round; then I saw partridges and their young."

"While I was watching I heard hounds barking. Soon afterward a fox came into sight. He would stop and look back and then run on a piece and stop and look back again. About fifty feet below me was a large rock. The fox stopped and looked at it; then he looked back and, taking a run, lit upon the rock. There he sat and watched the hounds, but when they came to where he had left the ground, they lost the trail and began to hunt round for it. When they were on the back trail the fox gave another leap and landed away from the rock. The hounds heard him alight, and they came back; but the fox was sitting on the hill, watching them. They did not find his trail, and it seemed as if he were laughing and saying to himself: 'I fooled them that time!'"

—Youth's Companion.

### Pocket Sundials Once Carried Like Watches

It was not uncommon in the days of Queen Elizabeth for men to carry pocket sundials for the purpose of time telling.

Dials of all kinds were common then, though previous to that time they had been little used in this country, says London Tit-Bits. One of the oldest, erected about the time of Edward the Confessor, is still to be seen over the south door of Kirkdale church, in Yorkshire. It bears the inscription: "This is the sun's marker at every hour, and Hayward made me and Brand the priest." The fashion for dials began to spread until the whole countryside, particularly in the North and in Scotland, was dotted with them. We see them today in interesting forms at St. Andrew, Melville house, Holyrood castle, Dundee castle, and many other places which are popular resorts of sight-seers.

The legends engraved on some of these old dials are very quaint. One, visible in the opinion of itself and mankind, announces: "Shadows we are like shadows we depart." In China and Japan small dials made of boxwood are still carried and consulted by their owners.

### Germans Tire of "Joke"

Irritated by the large number of foreign letters bearing the words "Don't Steal," the German postmaster general has announced that these will not be delivered in the future unless they really contain money. If they do not, he rules, such markings constitute "embarrassment." This of course went from abroad to poor relations in Germany, becoming so common during the inflation period that foreigners developed the habit of placing warnings on the outside of letters. Complaints were put constantly before postal employees, as they were obliged to use all incoming letters suspected of containing money in order to trace the receivers and submit them to proper financial control.

### Penny Centuries Old

A silver penny struck during the reign of Ethelred II, the Unready, 979-1016, at Sudbury, where at that time there was a royal mint, has been presented to the borough by the town clerk, Mr. T. Miles Drathwaite. It passed into his possession several years ago and he has ascertained on high authority that it is genuine. The coin has been deposited in the borough technical institute.

### A LONG RE-GRET.

If you subscribe for this magazine by the year you will save money on it. I know, but I might not live that long and then I'd regret the waste of money all my life.

### Machine Digs Graves

An electrically-driven machine that will dig graves was invented by a Seattle (Wash.) sexton. With a huge auger running inside a casting the dirt is elevated to a carry belt that brings it to the surface. It is claimed that a grave can be excavated in 15 minutes.

### Pertinent Question

"Look here, Biddy, you may be a musical comedy star, but you are my wife. What have you been doing lately?"

"Why Eddie darling—don't you ever read the papers?"

### Bible-Class Smokes

Smoking is permitted at a Sunday Bible class for men held at St. Mark's Parish hall, Surbiton, England.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 18, 1874

General Burnside delivered the Fourth of July address at Knoxville, Tenn. The Knoxville Whig says the day was observed with greater enthusiasm than at any time since the War, the crowd being estimated at fifteen thousand. "The feature of the day was the presence and address of Gen. A. E. Burnside, who came at the invitation of the citizens generally. He was welcomed to the South in an eloquent address by Hon. O. P. Temple."

A party of fifty Master Masons under the leadership of Robert Morris, Past Grand Master of Kentucky, will visit the Holy Land, Europe and Africa, this summer. The cornerstone of a new Masonic Hall will be laid in Jerusalem. The party will be entertained by Masons in the East and will live in tents. They will visit Tyre, Hiram's Tomb, Basle, Damascus, Mt. Hermon, the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and many other places sacred in Masonic history.

Visitors at the Pier say that it looks lonesome over there and that in promading the corridors of the numberless hotels they are reminded of the silent halls of the Montezumas or some other equally quiet place.

The Board of Commissioners on the Mississippi Levee is to convene in this city on the 29th inst.

A box of toads was exported last week from this city to Dutch Island, for the purpose of liberating them there to exterminate the bugs which infest the island and destroy all the vegetation.

Harper's Magazine for August has an interesting illustrated article on Newport, "The Queen of the Aquidneck."

Twenty-five cents will purchase a barrel of scup in Little Compton. An exchange admonishes keepers of cheap boarding houses not to forget it.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 22, 1899

In the sale of the John Briggs Gould farm in Middletown this week, there passes from the Gould name the last of a holding in realty of an original grant or allotment of many hundred acres made to the Goulds at the time of the settlement and purchase of the island of Aquidneck from the Indians.

At the tenth annual convention of the National Life Insurance underwriters, held in Buffalo July 15, William E. Brightman of Tiverton was awarded the "Calif. Loving Cup" for the best essay on the subject, "The qualifications essential to the best success of the Life Insurance Agent."

The demand for automobiles among the summer residents exceeds the supply, and there is much delay in filling the orders from the factory. "Autobaining," as one manufacturer requests that it be called, is one of the features of the Newport season.

James Larkin of Providence, who was injured by falling from a circus train, died at the Newport Hospital and was buried by the city Tuesday, his relatives making no claim for his body.

Mrs. Henry Clews had a narrow escape from drowning this week, by being caught with her head under water while wearing a life preserver. Swimming master Joseph Boyer went to her rescue.

Mr. William P. Kelley, for some time Superintendent of Schools at Hudson, has just been made Superintendent of Attleboro schools. Mr. Kelley is brother-in-law of Chief of Police Read, and his wife was Miss Lillian M. Lee, one of Newport's former teachers.

The fleet of R. I. Yacht Club arrived in Newport harbor on its annual cruise on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. H. H. Luther of this city was one of the nine in a class of 52 at the Harvard Dental School who passed a successful examination in every study.

Pay Dollar a Day in Taxes

The tax paid by every American family amounts to one dollar for every working day, according to a banking authority.

Dangerous

A man may secretly believe that the world is rather futile; but to openly say so is to make himself out a pessimist.

Telling Age of Whale

The age of a whale is ascertained by the size and number of the laminae of certain organs in the mouth.

Circumstances

Circumstances have done much for every man, and yet he has often longed for other circumstances.

New Clamp Invented

A clamp has been invented to hold pieces of mitered wood together while they are being glued or nailed.

Without Trace

Baby never worries over thumb prints incriminating him when he reaches for the molasses.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Miss Alexandra Hague of New York, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Prescott Van Alstyne.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony has gone to New York after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Anthony. Miss Anthony is to take a course at Columbia University.

Mrs. Joseph D. Chase and two children, Eloise and Donald Chase, are visiting Mrs. Chase's brother, Mr. Herbert Almy, in Tiverton.

Mr. Samuel B. Dodge died recently at his home on Oliphant Road. Mr. Dodge had been in poor health for some time. He was in his eighty-fourth year. The funeral was held at his late home on Monday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. James P. Conover, rector of St. Mary's Church. The interment was in the Methodist Four Corners cemetery. The floral tributes were very beautiful.

A preliminary meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Arthur Anthony for Girl Scouts who desired swimming instructions. A class is to be formed for this purpose.

Mrs. Benjamin P. C. Boyd of Portsmouth and Mrs. Thomas J. Sweet have returned to their homes after spending the past two weeks in Boyers, Pa.

Plans have been made for the annual sale and supper of St. Columba's Guild. The date has been set as August 6.

The annual picnic of Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts was held recently at Lawton's Valley. The affair was in charge of the Captain, Mrs. Arthur Anthony, and Lieutenant Margaret Wagner.

The annual summer sale and supper of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held on Thursday at the church.

Miss Priscilla Peckham and Miss Beatrice Bradley have returned to their homes here after spending the past week in East Northfield.

Mrs. Joshua Coggeshall is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clinton Copeland, in Springfield, Mass., as is her niece, Miss Rita Edmondson.

Miss Hope Peckham of Honeyman Hill is spending a week in Springfield, Mass., where she is guest of her sister, Mrs. William Goodchild.

Miss Mary Sisson, teacher of the Witherbee School, is taking a course at the Spanish School in Middleboro, Vermont.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's Church met on Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Jasper Mitchell. Much work was accomplished for the lawn party, to be held at the grounds of St. Mary's Rectory on July 30. Committees were appointed and all plans are nearing their completion. Refreshments were served to the members of the Club by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. McCaughey and their son have returned to their home in Providence, after a visit with Mrs. McCaughey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin P. Smith.

Mrs. John Peabody has been ill at her home on Third Beach Road.

The farmers are busily engaged in gathering their crops of hay. The crop is not as heavy this year as last. One farmer reported that in a large field last year sixteen loads were taken in, this year only seven were cut.

More Practical

The Woman in the Box—"There's that Miss Jenks, who goes about preaching woman's superiority over man." The Man in the Box—"Whereas you go about practicing it!"—Judge.

Shoots Metals

By means of a metal pistol it is possible to cover iron or steel articles with an extremely thin but very strong layer of aluminum, zinc, copper, lead or other metal.

Logical Deduction

Willie (at his lessons)—"I say, pa, what is a fortification?" Pa—"A fortification, my son, is a large fort." Willie—"Then a ratification is a large rat?"—El Paso Herald.

Easy Payments

Some men seem to think that they can purchase a mansion in the skies on the installment plan, so they drop a nickel into the contribution plate every Sunday.

Unless She Is Dumb

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be alone with her thoughts it is when a passing automobile splashes mud on her new gown.

Some Weather Indications

In signals for wind and weather a red flag with a black center indicates a storm of marked violence is expected; a blue flag indicates rain or snow.

Meant Sweet Potatoes

Potatoes mentioned by early English writers before the seventeenth century were the same as the Spanish batatas or sweet potatoes.

Usual Result

The young man who thinks that his boss can't get along without him may have to get along without his boss later in the game.

FIND UNKNOWN RIVER IN NORTHERN ALASKA

Interesting Letter Tells Life in Far North.

Washington, D. C.—The story of an explorer's life in the northern Alaskan wilderness and the discovery of uncharted streams is contained in a letter brought back to civilization by an Eskimo from the geological survey party headed by Dr. Philip S. Smith and made public by the Interior department. The expedition is exploring naval petroleum reserve No. 4. In exploring the Colville river, the letter, written March 30, states that Dr. Smith found a river about 200 yards wide, which flows westward and then turns northward. The party plans to continue the river exploration, but they must reach the coast in time to catch the last ship out of the Arctic ocean before the September freeze.

Find Grove of Willows

The party has established a base camp at the head of the Unalakleet river about ten miles from the divide between the Unalakleet and Colville rivers, at latitude 67°45'30", at an altitude of 2,300 feet. On this divide the party has discovered groves of willow trees as large as a man's wrist, which they are using for fuel.

The letter explained that the supporting party of seven men and 120 dogs, turned back on March 16, and the main expedition was proceeding with three sleds and thirty-three dogs. The sleds soon will be abandoned, and the journey continued in canoes on the Colville river.

The letter, which was written by Dr. J. H. Meritt, Jr., gives the following description:

"During the summer, I have been engaged chiefly in making astronomical observations with the transit. I have seven good observations on latitude and azimuth, which check one another very well.

Able to Find the Time

"Having my azimuth, I also have local time from transits of the sun. And what with watches, and their known ratings, we are in a position to make a fair computation of longitude. I am also able to rate our watches from successive transits of the sun, day after day at this camp.

"Such diversion keeps me very busy, and the days pass very quickly. Once in a while, say once a day, when it gets too cold sitting in the tent, I warm up by cutting wood for a half hour or an hour. All of us are well. None of us have been seriously frost-bitten yet, and I think the most severe weather of the winter is past now. So, all in all, everything is going fine, and the success of the expedition seems assured. Just tell that to the doubters."

Asks Fifteen Years' Wages From Stepfather's Estate

Columbus, Ohio.—Milking cows, cleaning the barn and mowing the field for 15 years without compensation. That is what Margaret Hallen charges in a petition filed in common pleas court, asking that she be made a beneficiary in the estate of her stepfather, William Welsch.

Miss Hallen says when she was twelve years old her mother married Welsch. He promised, she alleges, to give her a third interest in his estate if she would do chores on the farm. At his death, she says, her mother, as executrix, sought to carry out the agreement, but Welsch's son, Henry S., protested. The estate is valued at \$8,540.

Savants to Visit Lapps

Gothenburg.—The Lapps, mysterious nomads of the North, are again to be studied by scientists. Dr. G. Clyde Fisher, of the Museum of Natural History, New York, is now here on his way to Swedish Lapland to observe the love, customs and daily life of these people.

Doubting Banks, Keep \$400,000,000 in Socks

Washington.—In the collective ginger jars and stockings of the United States there is a total of more than \$400,000,000 jealously hoarded away, according to estimates by Joseph S. McCoy, United States treasury actuary, for the current issue of the American Bankers' Association Journal.

Eight thousand Americans may safely be put in the miser class, McCoy believes. They just like to see their money and gloat over it and call it pet names, and among them they are keeping \$44,000,000 out of circulation.

Then there are the children's banks. Probably 2,500,000 kids have such banks, and there is perhaps an average of 60 cents in each, making a total of \$1,500,000 thus hoarded away. McCoy doesn't go so far as to charge the kids with wanting to let their money stay in the pin-proof receptacles.

About half of the entire hoarded wealth of the United States is in the cupboards and under the mattresses of foreign-born residents, who aren't yet used to banks. And farmers are hoarding a total of \$125,000,000, McCoy says.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 14, 1924.

Estate of Christopher E. Champlin

WILLIAM R. CHAMPLAIN, Administrator of the estate of Christopher E. Champlin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed; the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land in the town of New Shoreham, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Ocean Avenue on a line with the wall that separates said parcel of land from the harbor and running in an easterly direction along said wall, bounded northerly partly on land of the estates of Christopher E. and John O. Champlin and partly on the harbor, to the northeast corner of said parcel of land, a distance of about 115 feet, then running in a southerly direction along the shore of the harbor a distance of 100 feet bounded easterly on the harbor, then running westerly in a straight line to a point on Ocean Avenue which is 100 feet from the point of beginning, then running northerly along Ocean Avenue bounded westerly on said parcel of land, a distance of 100 feet to the point of beginning.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein. And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and will be considered on the 4th day of August, 1924, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, July 14, 1924.

Estate of John C. Champlin

CHRISTOPHER A. and ANNIE J. CHAMPLIN, Administrators of the estate of John C. Champlin late of said New Shoreham, deceased, present their petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed; the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of an undivided one-half interest in and to a certain parcel of land in the town of New Shoreham, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Ocean Avenue on a line with the wall that separates said parcel of land from the harbor and running in an easterly direction along said wall, bounded northerly partly on land of the estates of Christopher E. and John O. Champlin and partly on the harbor, to the northeast corner of said parcel of land, a distance of 110 feet, then running in a southerly direction along the shore of the harbor, a distance of 100 feet bounded easterly on the harbor, then running westerly in a straight line to a point on Ocean Avenue which is 100 feet from the point of beginning, then running northerly along Ocean Avenue bounded westerly on said parcel of land, a distance of 100 feet to the point of beginning.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein. And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and will be considered on the 4th day of August, 1924, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 16th, 1924.

Estate of Benjamin F. Tanner

WILLIAM A. PECKHAM, Administrator of the estate of Benjamin F. Tanner, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed; the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of the following real estate: First parcel: Bounded southeasterly on Rhode Island Avenue; northeasterly partly by land of Hannah C. Hazard and partly by land of Mary G. Buckley, then northeasterly by land of Mary A. Gardner, et al; then northeasterly again by land of the said Mary A. Gardner, et al; then southeasterly by land now or formerly of John H. Wetherell; and southeasterly by land now or formerly of Mary Lieber.

Second parcel: Southeasterly by Rhode Island Avenue; southeasterly by Hope Street; northeasterly partly on land of Thomas B. Tanner and partly by land of Edward A. Sherman; northwesterly by land now or formerly of Jennie F. and Chester F. Carr.

Third parcel: Southeasterly by Newport Avenue; easterly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham; Northerly by other land of the deceased; and westerly by other land of the deceased. Southerly by Newport Avenue; easterly by other land of the deceased; southerly again partly by other land of the deceased and partly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham; easterly again partly by land of Martha and Etta M. Peckham, and partly by land of Annie L. Carr; northerly by land of Benjamin F. and Fred E. Tanner; and westerly partly by land now or formerly of Joseph M. L. Peckham, and partly by land of Sally G. C. Manchester.

Fifth parcel: One-half interest in real estate bounded as follows: Southeasterly by other land of the deceased; easterly by land of Annie L. Carr; northerly partly by land of Sarah L. Johnson, et al; and partly by land now or formerly of T. B. and K. G. Watson, and partly by land now or formerly of M. G. and Ida A. McLaughlin; and westerly by land now or formerly of Joseph M. L. Peckham.

And further representing that by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein. And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the 4th day of August next at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-19

When Pa Is Good Liar

There's nothing a man can be such a liar about as telling his son how different boys were in his time.

**DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?**  
USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE  
**NEWPORT DAILY NEWS**  
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS  
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY  
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS-BILL WILL BE SENT  
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS  
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations Gen'l Lost and Found

When you want the best in  
**QUALITY, WEIGHT and SERVICE**  
CALL ON US  
Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.

Agents for  
**H. C. ANTHONY'S**  
(WILLIAM B. ANTHONY, Successor)  
**FAMOUS GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS**  
**Mackenzie & Winslow**  
(INCORPORATED)  
15 BRANCHES  
**HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT SHAVINGS**

**COKE FOR SALE**  
\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered  
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works  
60 cents per hundred pounds  
**Newport Gas Light Co**

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 3rd, 1924.  
Estate of Mary E. Hurst  
ROBERT J. SWEENEY, Executor of the will of Mary E. Hurst, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution in accordance with the terms of the will; and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-eighth day of July, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 8th, 1924.  
Estate of Thomas P. Carroll  
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles P. Gifford has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Thomas P. Carroll, of full age, of said Newport.  
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning July 12th, 1924.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 8th, 1924.  
Estate of Joseph B. Hunt  
NOTICE is hereby given that Edward J. Hunt has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Joseph B. Hunt, late of said Newport.  
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning June 28th, 1924.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, June 24th, 1924.  
Estate of Mary Shea  
NOTICE is hereby given that Max Levy has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Mary Shea, late of Newport, deceased.  
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning June 28th, 1924.  
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

**Commandments for Brides**  
The Japanese bride on her wedding day receives 11 commandments from her mother. These commandments are rules of conduct which have been handed down from generation to generation, and all self-respecting brides are expected to live up to them.

**Historical Society**  
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 31st  
AT 3:30  
**CONCERT**  
Greta Torpaula - Swedish Soprano  
Salvatore de Stefano - Italian Harpist  
Mrs. Dudley Fitts at the Piano  
Tickets \$3.00, \$2.00, \$1.00 plus 10 per cent War Tax  
On Sale at Barney's

**CRIMSON HEAT**  
"What Is It Good?"  
DOES THE TRICK for PAINS and ACHES  
Caused by - Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Headache, Backache, Toothache, Stiff Neck, Cold in the Chest, Muscle Spasms, Aching Joints, Stomach Spasms, Brulures.  
Nearly every day you have need for it in your home, you should keep it on hand always. Your druggist sells it in large, handy tubes, price 75c. If he hasn't it, send price direct to THE APEN CO., 1127 New Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
For Sale By  
DAVID J. BRYNE  
DOWNING BROS.  
FRANKLIN PHARMACY, INC.

**SUMMER SHOES**  
New dress and sport styles for men and women  
Vacation shoes for children  
Reds, play oxfords, bare-foot sandals  
The T. Mumford Seabury Co  
214 Thames Street.  
Tel. 787

**NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY**  
Cats Leave Washington Square for Providence  
Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50  
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

**New York VIA FALL RIVER LINE**  
Fare \$4.66  
Large, Comfortable State Rooms Orchestra on each Steamer  
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.  
Due New York 7:00 A.M.